





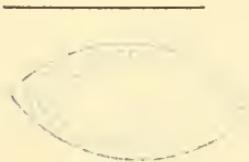
T R A C T S

P
OF THE

V
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
"

ARMY SERIES.

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N O T E.

THESE Tracts were written at the request of the Army Committee of the American Unitarian Association, during the Rebellion. They were issued in simple form, without covers ; and soon received from the soldiers the distinctive epithet of “the White Tracts.” They obtained, however, a peculiar popularity ; and with this name, which came to be an affectionate sobriquet, favorably distinguishing them from other kinds of religious reading offered in the army, these little messengers were distributed everywhere among our soldiers in hospitals and camps, as widely as our opportunities would permit.

The number circulated is probably not large as compared with that of many publications prepared for a similar purpose ; and it may not be improper to recall, first, that

we were denied the use of the principal channels for distribution, and could only avail ourselves of such individual services as were offered ; and second, that pains were taken that the tracts should not be carelessly scattered, but only given where they were likely to be read.

In the aggregate, 918,750 copies were published.

The character and titles of the various tracts occasioned a difference in the degree of acceptance with which they were received. The one most called for was No. 6, of which 110,000 were distributed ; the one next in demand was No. 7, of which were published 80,000.

One hundred copies of the whole series are now printed in this ampler form, for the satisfaction of many who desire to preserve them as a remembrance of this work of the “Army Mission.”

C O N T E N T S.

- No. 1. The Man and the Soldier. By REV. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D.
- “ 2. The Soldier of the Good Cause. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.
- “ 3. The Home to the Camp : Addressed to the Soldiers of the Union. By REV. JOHN F. W. WARE.
- “ 4. Liberty and Law. A Poem for the Hour. By ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.
- “ 5. The Camp and the Field. By one of our Chaplains.
- “ 6. The Home to the Hospital : Addressed to the Sick and Wounded of the Army of the Union. By REV. JOHN F. W. WARE.
- “ 7. A Letter to a Sick Soldier, from ROBERT COLLYER.
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- “ 10. Traitors in Camp. By the same.
- “ 11. A Change of Base. By the same.
- “ 12. On Picket. By the same.
- “ 13. The Rebel. By the same.

- No. 14. To the Color. By REV. JOHN F. W. WARE.
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‘ 16. A few Words with the Convalescent. By the same.
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“ 18. The Reveille. By the same.
“ 19. Rally on the Reserve! By the same.
“ 20. Mustered out! A few Words with the Rank and File
at Parting. By the same.

Army Series.]

[No. 1.

THE MAN

AND

THE SOLDIER.

BY

GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D.

BOSTON:

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

1861.

THE MAN AND THE SOLDIER.

"SHOW THYSELF A MAN." — 1 Kings ii. 2.

No higher or more comprehensive charge than this can be addressed to anybody, if we take in all it means. To be fully a Man, thoroughly furnished in all manly attributes, complete in all points of manly character and action,—that is the highest condition we can conceive of or aspire to. Man, as he was meant to be, and as it is possible for him to be, is the top and flower of God's creation. He includes in his being and his action all that makes the worth of the world, the nobleness of life, the qualities of the hero, saint, and Christian. If we might but attain to a completed manliness, there is no more left to be or do this side eternity. To redeem man from his degeneracy, and bring him up to the standard of his own nature, and restore in him the powers and just proportions of his own being,—to that tend all the methods of God's providence and grace; for that prophets preached; for that Christ came and died.

NO. I.

We see no instances of an absolute and perfect manhood in the world ; we see but fragments of it, approximations to it ; but we see enough to show us what it is, examples of it lofty enough to inspire and guide our ambition, and quicken our energies for its attainment.

We will try now to rise to the idea of what a thorough manliness is, and what qualities combine to produce and sustain it.

The first quality of manliness to be considered, though in some respects the lowest attribute of it, is *Physical Strength and Activity*,—a good sound frame, in possession of all its faculties and organs, capable of practising all its functions. The Holy Spirit wants a temple worthy of itself, well built, well proportioned, firmly founded, fit for much service, to bear heavy burdens, to move on long errands, and undergo, if need be, much privation and suffering. The body, therefore, must be cared for, thoughtfully, reverently ; by prudence, by temperance, it must be preserved from disease and waste and untimely decay ; by healthful activity and useful industry it must be knit together in compactness and hardihood. It must be kept undefiled and unenervated by sensual excesses,—kept in a condition to be a supple, strong, cleanly instrument of the soul, whose servant and organ it is. It must be respected for its noble powers and uses. We are fearfully and wonderfully made. The body is God's

handiwork ; devoutly, vigorously must it be dedicated to his service. It has a necessary part to do in the manly life.

The next quality of manhood is *Intelligence*, a living, quick-discerning, truth-loving intellect, well trained and well stored. Stupidity, ignorance, and unreason reduce the best physical powers to the level of mere brute strength, and sadly defeat the best capabilities and intents of the soul. The strongest man — strongest in muscle, in will, in feeling — is but a clumsy, blind giant, unless there be a sagacious and well-informed mind to guide him.

Passing now to a higher order of attributes, I remark that one of the prime qualities of manliness is *Truthfulness* of character. A man is no thorough man unless he be in all points a true man. He must be trusted and trustworthy. He must be such that his fellow-men, in all the relations of life, can rely upon him. He must spurn all mean tricks and subterfuges and arts of deception. He must hold himself immutably true to all trusts that he accepts, or that are rightfully laid upon him, carrying them through with unswerving fidelity. The unmanliest of men is the traitor. He is the man whom all the world, with one consent, do most loathe and abhor. Treachery in private life, as between man and man, or in public life, as between a man and his country, is instinctively and universally regarded as the meanest of vices and the most flagrant of

crimes. The kiss of Judas is everywhere accepted as the type of all the most detestable actions; and those words of Judas to the priests, "What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?" are taken as an expression of the intensest baseness into which a corrupt and guilty heart can sink. There is no manliness without unsullied, unapproachable, unpurchasable honor. A man must be true, faithful, loyal, immovable in rectitude and fidelity, or else he is no man except in form and seeming. To lie, to cheat, to betray, and to sell his honor for his pleasure or his interest, is to sell out his soul, himself; his manhood is gone, and instead of being what he was meant to be, a little lower than the angels, he has become but a little higher, if at all, than the devils. To be a man, you must first of all be a *true* man, faithful, to the last breath of your nostrils and the last drop of your blood.

Another essential quality of manliness is *Courage*. There is no position in life in which a man has not occasion to face danger, difficulty, hardship. He cannot do his part well in any sphere without courage. He must not hold his safety or his comfort too dear; he must not hold his life too dear. He must be able to meet hazards and terrors without flinching. He must be afraid of nothing that lies in the way of his duty except wrong-doing; fear God, and nothing else. We are apt to imagine that it is only particular situations and callings in life

that need brave men ; but in fact there is not much difference between one calling and another in that respect. A coward is no *man* anywhere, and cannot do a man's part. The woman and the child, as such, are allowed to be timid, to shrink from fierce perils, and seek sheltered places, but a man must advance to the front, and face whatever comes. He is the protector of all that is weak and timid ; he must conquer all that is dangerous, crush all that is hostile. A *man* must not be afraid. When he admits fear, he abdicates his manhood. And it is all the same whether it be fear of personal injury, or pecuniary loss, or unpopularity, or ridicule, or of anything but God and his own conscience. When there is a duty to be done, and a man's part to be taken, the true man will know no fear. Manliness and courage are words that mean one and the same thing.

But then, on the other hand, in connection with these stern, strong qualities, and equally essential to a perfect manliness, there must be a certain *Softness and Gentleness* of spirit, tender-heartedness, warmth of affection, and quickness of sympathy. The work of the world is not all done by hard blows and fierce defiance and grim strength ; half of it is done by the exercise of mild and tender qualities. The strongest, bravest men that I read of in history — men who have levelled mountains, and put the armies of the aliens to flight with a

mighty arm and a relentless will—have, in most cases, been equally distinguished by a warm-hearted and almost womanly tenderness. There is that about the strongest and bravest men which shows them to be most childlike, knowing how to keep Christ's precept of becoming as a little child. Under the iron armor of the true man there beats a soft, warm heart. Back of the tough, hard muscles, there flows a current of gentle feeling. Brave men, in the best sense, are sure to be humane. In every great manly soul the lion and the lamb lie down together, and a little child may lead them. The manliest face is honored and adorned by tears of compassion, and he who does and dares most for duty or a noble cause is sure to love most.

Again, among the manly attributes, one is the spirit of *Command*. Every man has his appropriate sphere of authority, and must exercise it,—authority over events, over circumstances, over persons. Each man is a king over some realm, however small, and therein he must reign supreme, exacting obedience and submission,—not arbitrary power, wantonly exercised, but the power of right, of reason, of position, of character. And, however small the external sphere of a man's authority may be, there is one large one which he must not abdicate nor slackly rule, and that is, himself, the internal commonwealth, his own appetites, passions, imaginations, actions. The man must be absolute

lord of himself, or he so far vacates his manhood. And he who does rule himself, finds himself thereby commissioned and empowered to rule over many other persons and things.

And then, along with the spirit of command, correlative to it, coextensive with it, there must be the spirit of *Obedience*. The first lesson of life for a man to learn, and the last to forget, is to obey. Over everybody there is an authority higher than his own, and to that he must render prompt and cheerful obedience,—obedience to law, to duty, to official superiors, to persons higher, wiser than himself. No one is fit to command who is not prompt and cheerful to obey. All manliness is reverent and obedient, and is as prompt to renounce its own will on fit occasions, as to carry it out on occasions for which that is fit.

And then, finally, and to crown all, a thorough and complete manliness carries with itself a *Religious* element, a sense of a power and authority above its own, above that of any man and of all men, a sense of God, as one to whom he owes fealty and perfect subordination,—his invisible Head and King. The manliest men everywhere are reverent and devout. The strongest are impelled to look up to what is stronger than themselves. The profane and scoffing tongue and unbeliefing heart, a proud, irreligious, heaven-defying self-sufficiency, is unmanly and the sign of weakness.

Such are the leading attributes of a true and completed manhood. And it is not only in a few important situations of peculiar difficulty and responsibility that such manliness is wanted. It is wanted everywhere; it finds a sphere everywhere. Every calling, every position, wants a *man* in it. No touch of manliness is ever found superfluous or misplaced in any situation. In every social position, from highest to lowest, there is full chance and need to be a man, and do a man's work, and live a man's life. Strength, wisdom, heart, character, are nowhere lost; if they exist, they tell; and if they exist not, the want of them is felt, disorder ensues, a function is left unfulfilled, and an opportunity is missed. No matter, comparatively, what or where a man is, if he but put a thorough manliness into the situation. No matter what his work, if he but do it manfully.

Our text addresses itself with equal fitness and cogency to all men in all positions. But at this moment, when so great numbers in all parts of the land are suddenly called to assume a particular function of manhood, and hundreds of thousands, at a brief warning, are summoned to quit the common pursuits of peaceful life, and take up arms for the country's deliverance and safety, you will see that we can hardly help making special application of these remarks to Man as a Soldier. And I am still further constrained to this point by the unwont-

ed spectacle presented here to-day,—that of armed men, banded and arrayed, not for a holiday show, but for immediate departure for the fields of service and the scenes of war. Under such circumstances, I am sure their presence is cordially welcomed by this congregation.

SOLDIERS, FRIENDS, BROTHERS, I am sure you will feel that if a noble manliness is wanted, and is to be preached, for all positions and employments of life, it is wanted most especially for that vocation and service to which you have pledged yourselves. You will feel that, while every man should strive to be a man in this highest sense of manhood, the soldier needs to be twice a man. Let me put my text to you in all plainness. You do not come up here into the house of God to be flattered or praised for patriotic zeal, or the progress you have made in the military art. You come, I trust, to think humbly and soberly of the duties and the exposures of a soldier's life, and in devout thoughtfulness to prepare yourselves to do and bear your part in all fidelity and manfulness. You come to listen to such exhortations as the pulpit is wont to address to its hearers, and receive thoughtfully such suggestions as one older than yourselves may offer you. There are other scenes appropriate to other kinds of congratulation. Here and to-day you will be more than willing to forbear being glorified as soldiers, and to be admonished and counselled as men and young men.

You, if anybody, have occasion now to put on and show forth a thorough manliness, to be manly at all points. If hitherto any of you, as is natural, have felt at liberty to indulge in the thoughtlessness of youth, bordering possibly upon folly, it will not do now. However young, you have got to show yourselves men now. You have taken a man's part upon you, and you must carry it out. Let me go over with you some of the traits of manliness which we have been considering.

The first thing, you will agree with me in saying, is to show forth manly courage. You must be brave; you must not know any such thing as fear, not turn your back on any danger. You have something higher than your own safety to think of. You must go whither you are led, holding your life in your hand. You had better never have put on your country's livery, you had better strip it off now at the start, than to go trembling to your work, or with any touch of eowardice at your heart. Cowardice is a detestable and fatal fault anywhere, in a soldier's life most of all. The soldier must be every inch a man on this point.

Then next, a soldier must be a *true* man. You will be called on to take a solemn oath of fidelity, which you must cherish as more sacred than your life. You will be sworn men. The country trusts you, commits its dearest interests, the very ark of its salvation, to your hands. Swear in your very

hearts that, as God shall help you, you will be true, true to your country, true to the laws of the service, true to your colors, true to your commanders, true to your comrades, true to every duty, true and loyal in all things, up to the high mark of a perfect manliness.

It will be a part of your fidelity, as soldiers and as men, to render strict, unquestioning, instant *obedience* to the orders of your military superiors. In all matters that pertain to the service of the field or the camp, you must have no will but to obey. So far as you may be intrusted with any authority, little or much, exercise it firmly, and demand obedience, but in turn render it cheerfully and without evasion.

But no rules or orders can relieve you of the necessity of taking strict and conscientious care of yourselves. You must take care of your own bodies and health. You want to maintain and increase your bodily strength for your own sakes and your country's.

It is remarked by the medical commission appointed by this State to consult for the health of the troops, that in war, for every one that is killed by the enemy, three die of disease; and of those three, one at least, and perhaps two, owe their sickness to their own imprudence. I earnestly charge you to observe the medical advice and precautions which will be given you, as to food and drink

and clothing and exposures. Avoid all thoughtless self-indulgences that you are warned will be injurious. In many things you cannot do as you have done at home. I observe that the medical commission I have referred to urgently advises the troops to abstain, while they are in service, from the use of ardent spirits; and they know best what is safe and prudent for you. Do not trifle with life or health in any respect. If you must spend weary weeks or months in the hospital while your comrades are in the field, it will be hard enough to bear, without the harrowing reflection that you brought it upon yourselves. You must practise a rigid self-denial, and rule manfully your own appetites and inclinations, and take thought for yourselves ten times where heretofore you have done it once. Till the war is over your country claims you, wants you,—wants you in perfect health, wants your strong arms and hardy frames, able to do a man's whole work in this great strife. You have no right now, solemnly dedicated as you are to your country, to take any careless risks of your health and strength. You are not your own property now, to waste or to throw away. The country accepts you as men, and men you must show yourselves and keep yourselves.

I said one part of a perfect manliness consists in intelligence, education, knowledge. Let the soldier improve his mind to the utmost of his opportunities.

Many books will be provided in the camp ; select wisely from them, and give some of your leisure to reading. Seek instruction,—information. Use well your opportunities of observation,—of men, of things, of events, and the regions of country which you pass through or abide in,—so as to come back with better-stored minds than you went with, and your faculties strengthened and enlarged.

And be still more careful concerning your *Moral* principles and conduct. You must meet temptation with a manly strength of resistance. Wrong things, which you would not think of doing at home, think not of doing because you are away from home. If parents and friends cannot watch over you, you must watch over yourselves with tenfold vigilance ; and remember that the all-seeing eye of God is upon you everywhere. The soldiers of Massachusetts should be exemplary, and must not permit themselves to bring any dishonor upon her fair fame by personal immorality or irreligion. Carry with you and maintain all that is good in the influences of the community which you have left. I counsel you, as far as is compatible with the duties of the service, to keep the Sabbath day, and use its opportunities for self-examination, for good resolutions, for needful repentances, and for the refreshing of all those tender and sacred affections and memories that keep the heart in health. Surely the soldier, devoted as he is to a sacred cause, and

exposed as he is to be called without a moment's warning into the scenes of eternity, and before the judgment-seat of God,—the soldier, if anybody, should carry with him a sense of God's presence,—should banish all profaneness from his lips,—should commit himself devoutly to the keeping of Divine Providence,—should put his trust on high, and seek in all he does, and in all his ways, to approve himself to his Maker and Judge.

These things which I have recommended to you are the things which, if you observe them, will make men of you, men of the truest, noblest stamp. If you slight them, it is so much deduction from the strength and honor and comeliness of a true manhood.

We trust and pray that amid all dangers your lives will be spared, and that you will return in safety and honor to your homes. And if you should so return when your work is done, O be it not—so far as lies with you to prevent it—be it not with bodies shattered and constitutions broken through imprudence or needless exposure. Be it not with idle or immoral habits, that would make you forever after a drag and a burden to your friends and the community. But be it, if possible, with strength in your limbs and health in your countenance. Be it with more enlightened minds. Be it with habits of industry, and thoughtfulness, and self-denial, and moral purity, and religious rev-

erence,— all strengthened by the discipline of the war; so that afterwards you may be better citizens, better sons and brothers and husbands and fathers through all your lives, for having been soldiers in your youth.

We wish you success, for your success is ours and your country's. Be men to achieve it, and when your task is done, and the victory is secure, conduct yourselves so well and manfully that in your after years you shall be qualified to act the manly part in life the more manfully, and to enjoy and adorn the good results which you shall have helped to win. Show yourselves men now, that you may be true and honorable and happy men then. And God's blessing be upon you! Our prayers shall follow you forth upon your march. Let each one act the man, and come back a man in the highest sense of manliness, and our heartiest thanks and congratulations shall await him, and attend him all his life;— and a better approbation than ours shall descend upon him.

Army Series.]

[No. 2.

THE SOLDIER

OF

THE GOOD CAUSE.

BY

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

BOSTON:

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

1861.

THE SOLDIER OF THE GOOD CAUSE.

THE main characteristic of the war in which we of the Free States are engaged is that it is a war of the people. It is not a war of a class, a party, or a dynasty. In its most obvious aspect, as a war for the defence of the Constitution and the Union, of established authority and regular government, against the attacks of a defeated, insolent, and unprincipled party, or in its essential nature as a war for the extending and establishing of liberty and justice, it is alike the cause of the people, demanding and receiving their efforts, their means, and their blood to carry it to a happy issue. It "is not called amiss the Good Old Cause," for it is but the latest incident in that struggle, of which all modern history is the record, between the selfish interests of individuals or a class, and the common interests of mankind ; between despotism and freedom ; between privileges and rights ; between error and truth. It is the modern phase of the contest in which the best men have fought on battle-fields and in councils, with the sword and the written or

spoken word, with various fortune, but with unconquerable courage and unwearied exertion. In this contest Sidney fell gallantly at Zutphen, Cromwell conquered at Marston Moor, Milton lost his eyes overplied in his noble task, Winthrop and his companions laid the foundations of a new commonwealth, Hampden saerified fortune and life, and Washington set the perfect example of heroie self-devotion. And now the privilege of carrying on this struggle, of advaneing this cause, is given to us. The hopes of the future are confided for the moment to our hands. To us the exhortations of the patriots and martyrs of liberty in past times are addressed, and for us their lives are lessons and encouragements.

And as this is, above all, the cause of popular rights and institutions, so it is fitting that our soldiers should be, as happily they are, drawn from the very heart of the people. Our battles are not to be fought by hirelings and mercenaries. The war forced upon us so suddenly is not to be carried on by a military class or by a standing army inured to service, but it has to be fought by soldiers hurriedly summoned from every class of life. Our army is the representative, in its heterogeneous composition, of the people itself. Native-born and adopted citizens, laborers and mechanics, students and ploughmen, men tenderly nurtured and men roughly bred, stand shoulder to shoulder in the ranks, each equally ready and eager to do his part in the work for his

country and for liberty. But such an army, so hastily brought together, of men so unused to the profession of war, though it be full of patriotic spirit and resolute determination, though it be one which carries with it the hearts and the confidence of the whole people, is not likely at first to be so effective as one composed of troops of less individual worth, but longer trained and more accustomed to the use of arms. Enthusiasm will not supply the place of discipline, and there is need of more than a good cause when it comes to the push.

As a nation we have so neglected the profession of war, we have been so busy in the pursuits of peace, we have regarded ourselves as so safe against the dangers of foreign invasion and of civil discord, that the true military spirit has become almost extinct among us, and its place has been occupied by a false spirit of security, indifference, and boastfulness. We have been growing rich and weak, at the same time. We have thought to buy immunity from war; we have paid heavy prices for quiet; and at length we find that the bargain was a fraud, and that the peace we have purchased by base compromise and cowardly concession was but a hollow and treacherous truce. Happy for us that the delusion has not lasted too long, and that now, when the truth is discovered, and the call comes to us to arms, we are ready to seize them, though we be little prepared to use them.

The dragon's teeth that the South has been sowing so long have indeed sprung up in a wonderful crop of armed men; but a man in uniform, with rifle and bayonet, is not a soldier. The profession of which such a man has only put on the dress is one that, like every other profession, requires a peculiar training, if it is to be successfully pursued. Its training is of the spirit as well as of the body, and is not comprised in the manœuvres of militia musters or the practice of regimental drill. Our soldiers have to learn how to be soldiers, and the nation requires to be taught the uses and the real meaning of war. The notion that any number of raw recruits form an army is an absurd one, and it seems likely to be done away with by bitter experience. Even Washington himself, the most patient and the most experienced commander of fresh troops, declared that undisciplined forces are nothing more than "a destructive, expensive, and disorderly mob." The saying of Cyrus, as reported by Xenophon, is as true to-day as it was in ancient times, that "it is not the number of men, but the number of good men, that gives the advantage."

It has been well said that "Discipline is the soul of an army"; and in order that discipline may be efficient the first duty of a soldier is obedience. To this duty the soldier is bound, not only by the oath in which he swears to bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, to serve them

honestly and faithfully against their enemies and opposers whomsoever, and, (to quote its very words,) that “I will observe and *obey* the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me,”— but also by a just and intelligent sense of the nature and demands of the life he has chosen. The military profession has this noble superiority to all others, that it is in its essence a life of voluntary self-sacrifice. The spirit of independence which is so cherished amongst us, and so often carried to foolish and injurious excess, so often serving but as the disguise of selfishness and false pretension, is shown by the true soldier in its finest form. He exhibits it in the choice he makes to give up his own freedom of action, and in the ready alacrity of his obedience to the commands of his officers. He shows it in the cheerfulness of his submission,— not only to orders, but to privations ; in his fidelity to his work, in his high and honorable sense of duty. There is no true independence in that disposition which is constantly inclined to assert itself in resistance to established authorities and rightful restraints ; but true and manly independence finds in these very restraints, and in the performance of just commands, the means to display and to develop the best qualities of individual character, and to achieve the aims of a pure ambition. The independent man is he whose soul is as ready to submit to and obey

legal and necessary authority, as it is to resist an unjust and tyrannous exercise of power. The soldier loses not a jot of his independence in obedience. Whatever the order be, he fulfils it with good will. It may be a blunder, and he may see it to be so, but it is not for him to redress it. He has only to execute it as well as it can be executed. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, which shall be held in immortal memory among men, is a noble example of this prompt and thorough obedience.

“‘ Forward, the Light Brigade! ’
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not the reason why,
Theirs but to do or die,—
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.”

It has been said that the very intelligence of our men, their habit of judging for themselves, and of acting on their own judgments, unfit them for making good soldiers, as rendering them averse to that obedience which is their first duty. But, if they be truly intelligent, they will understand that they must honestly conform to the necessities of their new profession, and that not only success, but safety, depends on their unquestioning obedience. The good soldier’s first sacrifice is that of his individual will.

It is this resolute obedience which gives confidence to each man in the ranks that he will be supported by every other man in his regiment. He is not one out of a thousand men each acting on his own impulse, but a thousand are with him, and his strength and stroke are a thousand-fold repeated. One word gives vigor to a thousand arms, and one order is answered by a flash from a thousand rifles.

It is thus that obedience connects itself with, and serves as the foundation of, that soldierly sympathy of each man with his companions, which is known as *esprit de corps*. This is that brotherhood which unites in mutual confidence, in generous affection and ambition, the individuals of a regiment; which gives a common spirit to their body, and moulds them into one living organization. Each has a share in the common dangers and glories, and upon each the praise of all is reflected. The colors of the regiment, its guns, become invested by this spirit with an almost sacred worth. A rag of bunting, torn by shot and blackened by powder, or a cannon battered and broken by opposing artillery, are precious in the eyes of the true soldier, as the emblems and signals of his own and his comrades' valor and devotion, the tokens of duty bravely done, of brave deeds yet to do. "Where his colors go, there he will follow, and where they are surrounded, there, with them or upon them, he will remain." He

may fall, but his regiment survives. Its honor is his own, and to have served in its ranks is to be illustrious among men.

It is not fame or reputation that the true soldier mainly seeks. They are but the uncertain and fleeting accidents of his profession. His aim is to be honorable, not to be honored; to be brave, not to win reputation of courage. It is not for show that the soul is to play its part. "The essence of greatness is to feel that virtue is enough." Honor is a spiritual thing, it is not in the gift of man, its fountain is God. There is nothing that is not cheap and poor in comparison with it. Loss, privation, suffering, are cheerfully borne for its sake, and life itself may well be sacrificed to gain it. It is the proud distinction of the soldier's profession that he makes it his first and constant object. The good soldier carries his life in his hand, ready to exchange it for honor, and he is thus always the witness to its inestimable worth. He is the example from which other men take their lessons in its pursuit. He yields his affections, his interests, his hopes, his all, to its claims. In the tumult of battle, in the temptations of the camp, he never loses sight of it. Honor flings her white robe of purity around him, and in the distress of pain and the very agony of death she clasps him to her consoling bosom.

The cold common-sense of the world knows not

the great joy of the good soldier's life and death. The sense of danger undergone for the sake of the reward of honor won is a glorious exultation. Common sense, which counts its heap of copper gains, knows not the golden prizes of the battle-field. The honorable soldier has no fear. He cannot be defeated. He will stand to his guns though the last man has been shot at his side, and in his death he will have the delight of triumph. His courage knows no faltering. The weakness of his blood may make his knees tremble and his cheek grow pale, but his heart is constant and secure in its inviolable mail. No weariness can break him down, no long watches make him sleep on his post. His ready courage is not a sudden and transient passion, is not stimulated by revenge or anger, is not the brutal rage of the bully or the tinsel bravery of the boaster. It is not a start of the soul, but a resolute and constant habit, a firm virtue founded in principle and character. The real hero is he who never gives in. The only genuine heroism is that which persists to the end. Courage and the love of honor are interwoven together, and their roots spring from the same soil of self-respect and trust in God.

Shall it be said that this ideal of the good soldier is too high to be attained? that to demand such a spirit of obedience, of brotherhood, of honor and of courage, is to ask too much of our common soldier? He must answer for himself. The cause

in which our soldiers are engaged deserves to be fought for by the best men. And the army which has poured itself from the North to meet the Southern forces of barbarism and slavery is such as was never before seen. Are the Stars and Stripes, the banner of civilization, liberty, and justice, to be carried to victory by an undisciplined rabble of men serving for monthly pay, and thirsting for booty and blood; or by an army of men conscious of their duty, animated by a conviction of their responsibilities, and strong in virtuous resolve? Is the day of Bull Run to be the type of coming days of battle? On the answer rest the hopes of future times.

There is but one way in which our soldiers can make themselves worthy of our cause and of our country; but one way in which they can secure the virtue that is required of them. Enthusiasm for the flag, devotion to the Union, indignation against traitors, patriotic pride, an honest love of liberty and hate of slavery, the spirit of emulation or of manly shame, may supply motives of more or less force, and of unequal worth, to the mass of men who have gone to the war. But such incitements are of too external a character to form a safe and sufficient reliance in this great contest. They must be associated with motives of deeper and more spiritual origin. Our war is in its real nature a religious war, and our soldiers must acknowledge

themselves to be not only the soldiers of the United States, but the soldiers of the Lord. To them God has committed a great charge, and as his children and servants they must perform it. Great virtues are demanded of them, and it is matter of rejoicing that no meaner call is made. "The occasion of any great virtue cometh but on festivals." To be the worthy champion of this noble cause, to be the fit sharer in this great festival, a man must carry with him the assurance that he is acting in the immediate presence, and as the commissioned soldier of God. With this assurance, there is no ideal perfection too high for him to aim at, and no possession of virtue too difficult for him to obtain. "God with us" is the motto on our flag, distinct to the eye of the spirit. "God with us,"—what shall prevail against us?

In the bustle of life in camp, in daily drill, in the trivial, annoying details of duty, in the mixed company of men, in the temptations of idleness, in the presence of open vice, in the unchecked opportunities for the indulgence of criminal passions, in the display of bad examples, it is difficult to retain the sense of the nearness of God. But according to the difficulty so is the reward of attainment. The difficulty is the test of worth and manliness. Without temptation there is no real virtue; without resistance, no increase of strength; without self-command, no self-respect. The soldier of the

Lord is not a bigot, nor self-righteous ; he is the pleasantest, because the happiest, of companions. He does not set himself up as better than others, but is modest with a reserved and simple self-confidence. He makes neither a secret nor a boast of the source of his strength. He is helpful, generous, vigilant, and not less eager to learn than ready to perform his duty ;—

“ More pure
As tempted more; more able to endure
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence also more alive to tenderness.”

There is nothing in danger or alarm to disturb or affright him. On the solitary watch, his eye is alert and his spirit steady ; in the sudden alarm, he does not lose the even balance of his mind, and in utmost emergency he can depend upon himself. In the assault he is foremost, and he will lead the forlorn hope with a step as light and happy as a lover's. Neither the shout of the enemy, nor the rattle of musketry, nor the roar of the cannon, can disturb the quiet of his soul. He looks at death face to face, and finds nothing but what is friendly in her countenance. And if he fall, he falls at the foot of his country's flag with a smile that bears witness to his joy that his life has been accepted as a sacrifice in his country's cause, the divine cause of justice, liberty, and humanity.

Army Series.]

[No. 3.

T H E

HOME TO THE CAMP:

ADDRESSED

To the Soldiers of the Union.

BY

JOHN F. W. WAR E.

BOSTON:

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

1861.

THE HOME TO THE CAMP,

GREETING :

SOLDIERS, FRIENDS, BROTHERS !—

A LITTLE while ago you were here with us and of us,—husbands, fathers, brothers. We knew you as our daily companions. To your strong love we looked, in your strong arm we trusted. Others knew you as merchants, mechanics, manufacturers ; we knew you as the central figures of our homes,—our pride, our solace, our support. To-day we miss you. We gather at our meals, or around the evening table, and your place is vacant. In a thousand ways we feel that you are gone, and the world outside—its places of traffic, its circles of friendship, its houses of prayer — mourns an absence which subtracts as much from its pleasure as its power. There are great gaps in our hearts and our homes, which cannot be closed because of you. It is not like the void death makes. The old places are kept open and warm for you. You are only absent, and we wait and watch ; daily and nightly we pray for you,—for your safety and your good, and your speedy coming to us again.

NO. 8.

Your absence is peculiar. You have turned from endearments, from prosperities, from plans, and have put in peril property, comfort, life, and health. The great mother who bore and nurtured us in her sore sorrow has cried for help, and you have answered to the cry and are sworn to rescue. Voluntarily offering your service, or selected by the laws of your country, you are now in arms for her defence.

If your absence is peculiar, so is our memory of you. In your knapsacks, in secret pockets about your person, you have all some cherished token of thoughtful affection. The cry of "*Mail!*" in the camp brings the weary to their feet, and makes the whole man aglow with a longing hope, and the dear and tender words that swim before your eyes waken memories, not to subdue, but to make still nobler, your resolve. And beside,—as never into camp before,—there comes from time to time, breaking the monotony of army rations, something that the good mother, the dear wife, the gentle sister, remembers was your special fancy, which their own hands have made and their own thought sent, while their hearts were full at thinking how it would put you in mind of home. But we have now other things than these for you, and though they may seem only to be words, yet to words, having the savor of love and faith, even the salvation of man has been intrusted. Will you take kindly of us what we give in honesty and hope?

More than two years are passed since we found that the threats so long made had a meaning, and that we were only to hold our homes and our liberties, the privileges and blessings our fathers bequeathed us, through conflict and blood. Many of the noblest from all parts of our land, spurning the employments and endearments of life, have gone forward to the duty and peril of camp and of field, and all up and down the land green graves to-day attest their fidelity, while dark homes and sad hearts mourn over lost treasures. Never did cause demand costlier sacrifice,—never was costly sacrifice more freely yielded. That country is safe which has only to ask for such service, which can make no demand of her children they are not ready to answer.

The demand is made now of you. Battle, disease, exposure, have thinned the ranks of our armies. The veterans of many fields ask for help. They look to you. You will not flinch. Some quick, sharp blows must yet be struck. The foe stands obdurate and unyielding. We have done much, but there is yet more to do. Stronghold after stronghold has fallen, the flower of families and of armies has been swept away by our cannon, or by disease and exposure, want seems staring them in the face, and yet they hold their hate for us, they renew their purpose to resist, to conquer, and with sturdy manhood stand and defy us. Who can fail to admire such devotion? who fail to regret that it should so be wasted? who but will feel hin-

self called to new duty and fidelity, that the sooner this fearful struggle may be closed, and the absent from home come in peace again, and under the old roof find shelter and rest?

The real work now begins. You are weaned from your homes, you are used to camp fare and life. You are soldiers, and something of the rights, privileges, as well as position of the citizen must be for the time yielded.

Here comes your first trial. To enter the service under excitement, from the pressure of necessity, or a sense of duty, is one thing; but to find that as soldiers you are obliged for a time to surrender certain rights and privileges which every American comes to consider as a part of his liberty, to find that you, who have scarcely submitted to any self-government, *must* come under the government of men, sometimes your inferiors,—this is no mean trial. But remember it is not the *men* whom you come under, not the *men* whom you must obey, but *the laws, the restrictions of a service of which these men are the servants*. At most they apply to you the law found by long experience the best adapted to carry out the purpose desired. It is not their whim, their will, which stands in before your old liberty, but *law*, which for the time being, for the good, for the safety of all, must be imperative. The commander-in-chief, as all his subordinates, serve and yield implicitly to that law.

And now you will find the mistake we have all

made, in insisting so much upon individual, personal liberty. We have educated ourselves into the idea that we are "as good as anybody." We will call no man master, but think, speak, do, just as we please. The results of all this are disastrous enough in ordinary life. At this critical moment, they fill our armies with men who have to learn to obey. We know how hard this will be, yet we have confidence that you will set yourselves earnestly about the disagreeable duty. There can be no order, there can be no safety, there can be no victory, without obedience. Sink for the time your boasted independence,—a prime ingredient in manhood, we all feel, when rightly managed,—and content yourselves with the humble position of the instrument, which may not question, hesitate, or refuse, but must do what the hand puts it to. War, unnatural in its existence and all its deeds, compels the yielding of many things fundamental to success in peace. Not only must some laws be silent, but certain dear privileges and rights stand aside and wait. The insubordination of individuals and of bodies has disgusted and alarmed us. We have felt it as a personal thing. It disgraces you with us. It tells against the cause. We feel, however, that they were things of the green tree, and are confident that, when used to the new necessity, you will see how brave it is to submit. The first sharp curtailing of an almost lawless liberty, the first unpleasant conviction that you cannot longer follow your

own will, must indeed be hard. But, you know, the Apostle says that a "*good* soldier endures hardness." He spoke of the Roman soldier, fighting in a cause in which he had no personal stake, in which he was simply carrying out the will of some imperial Cæsar. You are fighting in your own cause. Not a man among you but has his all at stake. Shall the coward thought of hardness creep as a paralysis upon your loyalty? Grumblings, complainings, unreasonableness, are camp-followers, powerless for good, but mighty for evil, which each one of you owes it to his manhood to rise against and utterly expel. They are traitors and rebels, a thousand-fold more dangerous than those who wear the garb and are arrayed beneath the banner of the foe. Not the mere *sentiment of loyalty to the flag* does your country now demand; but, under every circumstance, *obedience*, — and be sure that we at home appreciate your position and will applaud the sacrifice.

That there have been annoyances, grievances, over and above the hardships inseparable from your condition, we feel as keenly as you. But it was not possible to create an army perfect in all its details at the moment of demand. Self-seeking, inefficient, cowardly men thrust themselves before their betters into places of command or trust, and you have suffered, shamefully suffered. We feel that, and our rulers feel it. As fast as is possible these men are being removed and the evil they

have done remedied. As a general thing you have nobly borne all, and we whose sympathies are quick and keen are now rejoicing at the changed tone of the letters we have from you. As your new yoke settles to its place, you find it easier than you had supposed. You are getting wonted, accepting the hardship that is inevitable, confident that what can be done will be done for you. In this you are only just. You form an army gone out from the sympathy and affection of homes,—not aliens to us, not our hirelings, but bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh,—and think you we will intermit our thought and effort for you until every possible good shall be secured? *You are our charge.* Our rulers are but our servants; if they falter, if they fail, if they are false toward you, *we* stand behind, and you shall feel that our warm love can reach and hold you still. And we feel sure that, though there will continue to be exceptions, you will find the officers whom the government allows in authority over you will be men not only well up in the drill, and true in the hour of danger, but men considerate of you. Would to God that we could hope that they might all lead in other things as in the battle!

And do not think the sacrifice wholly on your part. We at home have our hardness to endure. It may seem as if he who stood against battery and bayonet, and was familiar with the exposures of camp and march and bivouac and night and storm, had the sacrifices to himself. The home has its

sacrifices too,—its joint offering to the cause, differing rather in the kind than in the amount of the cost. The selfish, mean man will take care that he gives up nothing to the general good; but the recording angel marks down daily noble deeds in humble homes, which, though they shall find no place of mention in the war-bulletins, shall stand graved indelibly upon the book of life. And these homes stand ready to do yet more; and if the stern hour shall come, there are those here—men of every rank and every age, whom other duties now hold back—who will be with you, arm to arm, heart to heart, to fill with you, if it must be, the last ditch over which the trampers upon the rights of man shall march to their accursed victory. But no such victory shall be. The cause that is just God will crown with success. We have smitten them on the land, on the river, by the sea. The tramp of our victorious legions, the thunders of our navy, send trembling and terror to the guilty hearts of the parricides, while he, the arch traitor, as Belshazzar of old, stands aghast at the handwriting he need call no prophet to interpret.

We will not conceal from you that there are many among us who are apprehensive of the effect of camp-life upon your moral character and your after usefulness. From other wars men have returned to be a burden and a curse; such men will return from this; but the large majority of you we *expect* will be wiser

and better for this experience,—truer to home, truer to the world and to God. There is every reason why it should be so. The temptations, great, new, peculiar, and terrible, that are about you are not invincible; and it is a libel on the word *soldier* to make it the synonyme of depravity. The regular soldier, divorced for years from the sympathies of home, the interests of civil life, fighting his trade, with long and terrible intervals of idleness, without resource, may become — we should almost say must become—the easy prey of vices which lurk in other places as well as camps. But you are not regular soldiers; this is not your trade. You have resource. You are no hirelings; but you strike for home, and the home you would defend in turn would help to shield you from that which has power to cast the soul into hell. Undoubtedly, many of you understand your own peril. Let us show you such as seem to us to come from your isolation from other influences, your association among yourselves, and the character of your occupation.

Ever since Christianity has disenthralled woman and lifted her to her place as at least man's equal, it has been found that communities from which woman is excluded are exposed to special moral depravity. There is a controlling influence in her presence of which we are as little conscious as of the controlling influence of the laws of gravity. Where she is absent, man soon loses ground as a

moral being. California was redeemed from the terrible vices and crimes which once gave it bad pre-eminence, more by the advent of woman than by the ministration of law; and history is full of the evil of the monkish system. Woman can have no place in the camp. She may be the ready angel of the hospital "when pain and anguish wring the brow," she cannot be counsel and comforter when temptations and worries come. If you see her about the camp at all it is *mostly* as she is degraded, ruined,—the foulest ruin in the bright universe of God. You must take your stand without her,—without that which at home is so much your safeguard,—and single-handed face the wily foe. If you will watch yourselves wisely; if you will let dear home memories and tender home words have their way upon you; if you will never let thought or word or deed sin against her purity,—this very season of separation and peril may turn to your best good. Absent, she may have a better power than when present, and you may come back to her more justly to appreciate her fidelity and love. You know what men are apt to say of women when they get together, and we know how the demon of lust may be waked in the battle-hour. Watch well the first, and if dark temptation to the last shall come, may spirit of mother or wife or sister—a still voice from home—save your victim and save your soul!

As you have gone from us, the bearing of the many has been all that we could ask,—cheerful, sober, resolved. But it was painful to see that others could go away to such a duty in reckless or stupid intoxication, and we know that much of the trouble and shame we have had to meet have come of this. No step taken by your officers has been more cordially approved at home than the closing of drinking-places, and individual effort by precept and example to induce the men to abandon the evil thing has been fully appreciated here. With a thrill of joy we read that, when in the city of New York some gentlemen remonstrated with the commander of a Massachusetts regiment for dismissing his men for some hours to the fascinations of the metropolis, the confident reply was, "*My men will every one of them be back, and every one of them be sober.*" That man commanded *soldiers*,—men of self-respect and self-control; that man may lead his command anywhere, and trust them to the death. Why shall not every commander have the same trust? The man who drinks doubles his exposure to every form of casualty. Cold, heat, wounds, exposure, disease, lay terrible hands on him; body and brain become decrepit, duty and life a burden, while shame is brought upon your calling, upon your comrades, upon your homes. We ask you to save yourselves and us; to remember that by intoxication you disgrace your manhood, you disgrace your calling, you disgrace the cause.

That other great camp peril,—gambling,—which we see already has commenced its insidious work, we shall hope to keep in check by providing other and healthy amusements for leisure hours. Books, even religious books, are not all you want. There are intervals between hard work or great excitement when one cannot read, nor yet be idle, when an evil thing is chosen because the good is absent. The army should be furnished amply with the means of healthy amusement, just as important to you as to Dr. Kane's sailors in the Arctic Sea.

Government has shown its interest in you by sending you equipped and attended as no army before. It not merely provides you sufficient clothing, but with more than you can eat. The surplus may be exchanged for luxuries or commuted into cash. Of its own will it has raised the soldier's wages. Liberal beyond all precedent to you, no real want that it has not provided for, it leaves you the opportunity, it furnishes you with the incentive to frugality, it is busy with means to help you secure your pay to those who need it at home. Second such care by your own prudence. Allow yourselves in no foolish or wicked expense, but show home how you still prize it by the fulness of your remittance.

Perhaps the crowning work of the government in your behalf is the creation of a Sanitary Committee, which, as an angel of life, seems hovering over a field

so long abandoned to the angel of death. Disease, not the bullet or the sword, decimates armies,—the foe unseen rather than the foe seen,—and yet it may be outmanœuvred, baffled, as surely as the squadron in the field. Only it wants knowledge and action. A few simple laws exactly obeyed, and your camp is as free from malaria and contagion as your home. In every way, what can be done for the alleviation of the necessary evils of your position, government has amply, wisely, tenderly done. And it has not limited itself to the care of the body. Faithful chaplains—men known to us, mostly, as valuable and successful in their vocation—have been appointed to go with you, to warn, instruct, encourage, and soothe; not to stand aloof as preachers, but to be with you in every scene, your daily companions,—not to take from you any necessity of personal piety, but to show to you, standing in hourly peril,—you, who may be so near to death,—the necessity as well as the propriety of making, *yourselves*, your calling and election sure. Your Bibles go with you to the battle, in more sense than one, your shield in peril. In vain shall the Sanitary Committee tell you how to escape disease, unless you shall do as they say; in vain shall these others show you how to escape sin, unless you choose to do as they show. The real work remains with you. They offer the means, the success must come from you.

Soldiers and Friends! We feel that you repre-

sent us in this great struggle. It is the very existence of Liberty which is in peril. If you fail, then Liberty is dead. It is no meaner thing than this that hangs on the fate of the battle. We want you every way to be worthy the grand labor to which you have been called. Napoleon, master of every position as he was, could touch his soldiers by a word as by a deed. No saying of his is more applauded than that by which he roused his veterans at the battle of the Pyramids: "Soldiers! from yonder heights forty centuries are looking down upon you." We can say that, though no dead centuries of the past may look down upon you, yet, as living centuries of the future pass onward, they shall look back at this as the crisis-hour of their own fate, at you as the heroes of the world's best strife. Your devotion shall work all time's redemption. We are wont to look backward for our heroes, and to place the golden days behind. *To-day is the golden time; this the heroic age!* It is great to live to-day. To be tried in this furnace is honor and privilege. To be one in the serried ranks that close in this last death-grapple with tyranny,—that is to feel indeed the glory of manhood! Do not—no, not a single man of you—by any act sully the fair hope that springs before a world. The war that our fathers waged, with a just reverence, we have always held as first and holiest; but to-day yours is a holier task. Alone of all nations, ours stands upon a principle.

For that our fathers struggled, fought, died. They strove to plant the seed, we strive to protect the tree ; they dropped the acorn, but to-day tests the vigor of the young oak, and if beneath its shadow all nations are to be blest and its leaves to be their healing, you must stand true to the cause and true to your manhood. To you has come the graver peril which some of them foresaw. Nobly they did their part; as nobly do your mightier task, and transmit your heritage untarnished to the ages, no scandal resting on your names. Washington has said : “Our profession is the chapest of all ; even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements.” The Chevalier Bayard, who has come down to us the type of what a soldier should be, was not only “without fear,” but “*without reproach.*” With insidious industry, and only too great success, the leaders of the foe have spread it among their people that you are a band of ruffians, such as the world has never seen,—burning, plundering, ravishing, murdering,—that your watchword is “*Beauty and booty.*” Give the lie to that by the faultless integrity of your whole conduct. You cannot strip war of its horrors. They are inevitable. It must be stern, terrible. But there are mitigations,—not simply courtesies to foes, but tenderness to the defenceless and the weak, respect always to woman. Show your manhood in the fight, nor less at every wayside home ; and though necessity com-

pel you to leave behind you desolation, let there not be the wilder waste and havoc of sin. We want to welcome you back, not only with the laurel of victory about your banners, but with the halo of honor around your brows.

Soldiers and Brothers! We greet you as we part! Go to the work that God has appointed you to, to contend, not with man, but with wrong. This war must not be vindictive. It is waged against principles, not against men. Sustain yourselves by no false thought of glory, the mirage that looms to deceive; have no yearning after an imperishable name with men; but do your simple duty, and so win the glory and honor of immortality. It may be sweet and honorable to die for country. But "it is not all of death *to die*." Content yourselves with, make sure of, the approbation of God. Be brave; be pure; fear God. You fight for Him, and in His cause you need not the courage of the brute, but the better courage of the man; not the courage that can march to the deadly, imminent breach, but that courage, you have already found failing you, which rises above power of temptation, thought of man, and dares be true to God.

You are marching on, it may be to defeat, it may be to death;—no, it may be to death, it cannot be to defeat! In such a cause there is no failure. Trust not in the flippant saying that "God is with the heaviest battalions." Take with your arms faith;

as you march, pray ; when you fall, trust ; when you conquer, give to God the victory. God's cause prospers best when he has righteous helpers. If He be with you, nothing can stand against you. The guilty foe, foiled in every part, compassed by your armies and your fleets, alien from all worthy human sympathy, outcast of God, shall melt away. And then shall be the glorious end. Sweet peace shall come again, and we shall welcome you back to these faithful hearts, not with outward rejoicings alone, which shall be forgotten with the hour, but with that welcome which belongs to warriors triumphant from the last crusade against liberty, law, and love !

Army Series.]

[No. 4.

LIBERTY AND LAW.

A POEM FOR THE HOUR.

BY

ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.

BOSTON:

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

1861.



P O E M .

THE drum's wild roll awakes the land, the fife is
calling shrill;
Ten thousand starry banners blaze on town and bay
and hill;
Our crowded streets are throbbing with the soldier's
measured tramp;
Among our bladed cornfields gleam the white tents
of the camp;
The thunders of the rising war hush Labor's drowsy
hum,
And heavy to the ground the first dark drops of
battle come;
The souls of men flame up anew, the narrow heart
expands;
And woman brings her patient faith to nerve her
eager hands.
Thank God! we are not buried yet, though long in
trance we lay,—
Thank God! the fathers need not blush to own their
sons to-day!

Oh! sad and slow the weeks went by,—each held
his anxious breath,
Like one who waits in helpless fear some sorrow
great as death.
Oh! scarcely was there faith in God, nor any trust
in man,
While fast along the southern sky the blighting
shadow ran ;
It veiled the stars one after one, it hushed the pa-
triot's song,
And stole from men the sacred sense that parteth
right and wrong.
Then a red flash like lightning across the darkness
broke,
And with a voice that shook the land the guns of
Sumter spoke :
Wake, sons of heroes, wake ! The age of heroes
dawns again ;
Truth takes in hand her ancient sword, and calls
her loyal men.
Lo ! brightly o'er the breaking day shines Freedom's
holy star.
Peace cannot cure the sickly time. All hail the
healer, War !

That call was heard by Plymouth Rock, 't was heard
in Boston Bay ;
Then, up the piny streams of Maine, sped on its
ringing way.

New Hampshire's rocks, Vermont's green hills, it
kindled into flame ;
Rhode Island felt her mighty soul bursting her little
frame ;
The Empire City started up, her golden fetters
rent,
And meteor-like across the North the fiery message
sent ;
Over the breezy prairie-lands, by bluff and lake it
ran,
Till Kansas bent his arm, and laughed to find him-
self a man ;
Then on by cabin and by camp, by stony wastes
and sands,
It rang exultant down the sea where the golden
city stands.

And wheresoe'er the summons came, there rose an
angry din,
As when upon a rocky coast a stormy tide comes
in.
Straightway the fathers gathered voice, straightway
the sons arose
With flushing cheek, as when the East with day's
red current glows.
Hurrah ! the long despair is past ; our fading hopes
renew ;
The fog is lifting from the land, and lo, the ancient
blue !

We learn the secret of the deeds the sires have
 handed down
 To fire the youthful soldier's zeal, and tend his
 green renown.
 Who lives for country, through his arm feels all her
 forces flow ;
 'T is easy to be brave for truth as for the rose to
 blow.

O Law, fair form of Liberty ! God's light is on thy
 brow.
 O Liberty, the soul of Law ! God's very self art
 thou.
 One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes
 the bank with green,
 And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the
 waters in ;
 Friends, whom we cannot think apart, seeming each
 other's foe ;—
 Twin flowers upon a single stalk with equal grace
 that grow,—
 O fair ideas ! we write your names across our ban-
 ner's fold ;
 For you the sluggard's brain is fire, for you the
 coward bold.
 O daughter of the bleeding Past ! O hope the Proph-
 ets saw !
 God give us Law in Liberty, and Liberty in
 Law !

Full many a heart is aching with mingled joy and
 pain

For those who go so proudly forth and may not
 come again.

And many a heart is aching for those it leaves be-
 hind,

As a thousand tender histories throng in upon the
 mind.

The old men bless the young men and praise their
 bearing high ;

The women in the doorways stand to wave them
 bravely by,

One threw her arms about her boy, and said,
 “Good by, my son,

God help thee do the valiant deeds thy father
 would have done !”

One held up to a bearded man a little child to
 kiss,

And said, “I shall not be alone, for thy dear love
 and this.”

And one, a rose-bud in her hand, leant at a soldier’s
 side ;—

“Thy country weds thee first,” she said. “Be I
 thy second bride !”

O mothers ! when around your hearths ye count
 your cherished ones,

And miss from the enchanted ring the flower of all
 your sons ;

O wives! when o'er the cradled child ye bend at
evening's fall,
And voices which the heart can hear across the
distance call;
O maids! when in the sleepless nights ye ope the
little case,
And look till ye can look no more upon the proud
young face;—
Not only pray the Lord of life, who measures mor-
tal breath,
To bring the absent back, unscathed, out of the fire
of death;—
Oh! pray with that divine content which God's best
favor draws,
That, whosoever lives or dies, he save his holy
cause!

So out of shop and farm-house, from shore and in-
land glen,
Thick as the bees in clover-time are swarming
armèd men;
Along the dusty roads in haste the eager columns
come
With flash of sword and musket's gleam, the bugle
and the drum.
Ho! comrades, see the starry flag, broad-waving at
our head.
Ho! comrades, mark the tender light on the dear
emblems spread.

Our fathers' blood has hallowed it ; 't is part of
their renown ;
And palsied be the caitiff-hand would pluck its glo-
ries down !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! it is our home where'er thy col-
ors fly.
We win with thee the victory, or in thy shadow
die !

O women ! drive the rattling loom and gather in the
hay ;
For all the youth worth love and truth are mar-
shalled for the fray.
Southward the hosts are hurrying, with banners
wide unfurled,
From where the stately Hudson floats the wealth
of half the world ;
From where amid his clustered isles Lake Huron's
waters gleam ;
From where the Mississippi pours an unpolluted
stream ;
From where Kentucky's fields of corn bend in the
Southern air ;
From broad Ohio's luscious vines ; from Jersey's
orchards fair ;
From where between his fertile slopes Nebraska's
rivers run ;
From Pennsylvania's iron hills ; from woody Ore-
gon ;

And Massachusetts led the van, as in the days of
yore,
And gave her reddest blood to cleanse the stones
of Baltimore.

O mothers, sisters, daughters ! spare the tears ye fain
would shed.
Who seem to die in such a cause, ye cannot call
them dead.
They live upon the lips of men, in picture, bust, and
song ;
And nature folds them in her heart and keeps them
safe from wrong.
Oh ! length of days is not a boon the brave man
prayeth for ;
There are a thousand evils worse than death or any
war, —
Oppression, with his iron strength fed on the souls
of men ;
And license with the hungry brood that haunt his
ghastly den.
But like bright stars ye fill the eye, — adoring
hearts ye draw,
O sacred grace of Liberty ! O majesty of
Law !

Hurrah ! the drums are beating ; the fife is calling
shrill ;
Ten thousand starry banners flame on town and bay
and hill ;

The thunders of the rising war drown Labor's peaceful hum ;

Thank God that we have lived to see the saffron morning come !

The morning of the battle-call, to every soldier dear,—

O joy ! the cry is “Forward!” O joy ! the foe is near !

For all the crafty men of peace have failed to purge the land ;

Hurrah ! the ranks of battle close, God takes his cause in hand !

Army Series.]

[No. 5.

THE CAMP AND THE FIELD.

BY

ONE OF OUR CHAPLAINS.

BOSTON:

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

1861.

THE CAMP AND THE FIELD.

HOLIDAY soldiering seems suddenly to have come to an end. Fancy uniforms, with abundance of gold lace, feathers, epaulets, and similar gewgaws, have been put off. A soldier's life has been found to be a matter of genuine importance. The use of the musket and bayonet has been ascertained. Instead of an expensive toy, to be paraded once or twice a year for the gratification of a curious and idle populace, our military organization is recognized as a necessity for the support of the National Government and the defence of our homes. The war has changed many of our notions. Military life has become a serious and earnest thing with us. The nation is passing through a course of severe discipline, which will educate and purify our whole national life. We desire peace; we pray for peace: but peace we cannot have till our discipline is thoroughly finished and our purification is complete. We must expect the conflict to continue till that end is reached. We must go to school

NO. V.

in the camp and the field before we are taught the true lesson of the times.

It happened to be my fortune to be connected for three months with a regiment of volunteers. It has been a short experience, as I am ready to allow; but our life, for three months, presented all the aspects of a long campaign. We had a taste of almost everything that pertains to war. We drilled, we paraded, we bivouacked; we lived in barracks, in huts, in tents; we made forced marches; we fought a battle, gained a victory, suffered a defeat, made an inglorious retreat; and some of our number were captured, and are still held as prisoners of war. We might have been for years in the regular army, and yet not have seen so much service as has been crowded into our short term. We saw the painful and the pleasant side of war, if war can have a pleasant side. In the various opportunities which were afforded us, we had the privilege of studying human nature in all the varieties which a soldier's life can exhibit. We could perceive the depressing and elating influences of such a life. We even saw the workings of that excitement of the lower nature which leads a victorious army to pillage and sack a conquered town.

Life in camp has its impulses to good, and its temptations to evil. The first experience is unquestionably an incitement of religious feeling. Men have just left their homes, and begin to feel

the need of the kindly pressure of home influences. Many of those who have enlisted in this war have gone to the scene of danger impelled by a controlling sense of duty. They feel that there are difficulties in the way; that they will be obliged to endure many hardships; that they may be exposed to many perils, and possibly to painful death. Instinctively they turn to a higher Power, and seek the help of God. Upon such men, religious services produce a wonderful effect. They are a restraint, an encouragement, a direction, a help, and an inspiration. Most men who have had no military experience, find, at the beginning, that they need most strongly just such an influence as this. A new life has opened itself to their contemplation. As they look into it, they perceive that such words as "duty," "self-sacrifice," "patriotism," "religion," and the like, have deeper signification than they have before thought. The uncertainty of life, the ignorance of future events, the gradual settling into a state where the prime requisite for success is unquestioning obedience to the order of other persons, and the consequent loss of self-confidence, seem to induce a strong feeling of dependence upon God. Added to this is the thought, that those who are dear to one's affections must be given up to the care of Providence; and that, for both the distant and near, there are but two things to do,—to wait patiently the progress of events, and to

trust in God and one another. The most thoughtless and indifferent man cannot escape the influence of such thoughts and feelings; while those of a deep and tender nature are affected by them to a remarkable degree. I think it would be the testimony of a majority of our volunteers, that, for the first few weeks of their military life, their religious nature was very perceptibly excited to action. As sometimes, on summer mornings, a fresh breeze will set in from some cool quarter of the heavens, and will seem to clear the air of noxious vapors and enervating heat, such delicious coolness and freshness pervade the day; so this fresh gale of duty and patriotism set in upon our worldly life, and, for the time, made it clear and generous and pure.

For the time, I say; for as the heat of summer asserts its presence when the gale is spent, so the old worldliness returns, unless the most vigilant precautions are taken against it. Men, left to themselves, have many idle hours to spend; and the old couplet is true in this as in other cases:—

“Satan has some mischief still
For idle hands to do.”

Then is felt the force of temptation; then are exercised the influences most incident to the vices of the camp. The body becomes lazy; the mind becomes indolent; one feels disinclined to exertion,

and labor is distasteful. As a consequence, when the mind is unoccupied with good, evil will come in. Unclean spirits fill the empty chambers. The craving for something to excite and interest the attention seeks its gratification in forbidden ways. The appetites and passions are aroused; intemperance, profanity, obscenity, dissolute ness, profligacy, lust, and sloth begin to manifest themselves; and the worst results are threatened. The most dangerous enemy to the soldier is not so much to be found upon the battle-field as in the quiet of the garrison and the camp. It is on the field of the soul that the severest conflicts are waged. To such an extent does the unwillingness to labor sometimes go, that the daily drill necessary for skill in the use of arms, and the regular discipline of a command, will be neglected upon almost any pretence. I have seen soldiers almost completely demoralized by such neglect; and I have seen a battle lost in consequence, and the work of months rendered almost of no avail. I have seen soldiers cowardly pillaging a defenceless town, because they were undisciplined in virtue; and I have seen those same soldiers break from their ranks, and take to flight, when confronted with the foe. I once made a flying visit through some of our camps in the neighborhood of Washington, and, in the course of that visit, stopped for a few minutes in the camp of a certain regiment. The colonel was a vulgar,

profane, swaggering man; and among the soldiers there seemed to be an utter want of obedience or respect for their superior officers. I was curious to know how such a regiment would behave in battle. In reading one of the official reports of the battle of Bull Run, I found the record. It was exactly as I supposed it would be. The regiment was broken at the first charge; several officers had deserted before the battle, and "the men were not slow to follow their example."

There is a very remarkable conversation between Cyrus and one of his generals, Chrysantas, as reported by Xenophon in the third book of the "Cyropaedia." Chrysantas endeavors to persuade Cyrus to address the soldiers of his army upon the eve of a battle. Cyrus declines doing so: "For," he says, "no exhortation whatever, though ever so noble, can, at the instant, make the hearers brave, if they were not so before." Chrysantas still thinks that "it is enough if Cyrus can make their minds better by his exhortation." Then Cyrus replies,—and his words deserve to be written upon every tent in our army,—"Can a word spoken at the instant inspire the minds of the hearers with a sense of shame, or hinder them from doing things mean and base? Can it influence them effectually to undergo all labors, and run all hazards, to gain praise? Can it establish this sentiment firmly in their minds, that to die fighting is rather to be

chosen than to be saved by flying? If such sentiments are to be instilled into men, and to be made lasting, ought there not, in the first place, to be such laws established, whereby a life with honor and liberty should be provided for the brave, and such a course of life traced out and laid before the vicious as should be abject and painful, and not worth living out? Then there ought to be teachers and governors in these affairs, who should direct men right; should teach and accustom them to practise these things, till they come to determine with themselves that the brave and renowned are in reality the happiest of all, and to judge that the vicious and the infamous are of all the most miserable; for thus ought those to stand affected who are to make their institution and discipline overrule their fear of the enemy." He goes on to say, that a set form of words could not make men soldiers on the instant; nor yet that soldiers could be reliable, unless the officers were present to set them an example of manliness and bravery. Then he concludes: "I should very much wonder, O Chrysantas! if a discourse ever so finely spoken should be able to teach bravery to men wholly undisciplined in virtue, any more than a song well sung could teach music to such as were wholly uninstructed in it." The Persian king struck the right chord. Bravery is impossible to men "wholly undisciplined in virtue"; and it is hardly to be

expected that the men will be brave and virtuous, unless the officers set them the example. The bravest soldiers in our army will be found among the most virtuous, the most religious, and the most faithful men. The best regiments are those which are composed of men and officers who are men of character; who are reverential, dutiful, and religious. Such regiments are to be relied upon in the emergencies of the strife. On Friday afternoon before the battle of Bull Run, Gen. McDowell was present at the dress-parade of a regiment then at Centreville, such as I have mentioned. At the close of the parade, the usual religious service of the day, which was never omitted upon such an occasion, was performed. A psalm was read, a prayer offered, and the doxology sung by the regiment. The scene was very impressive. The soldiers stood uncovered in the light of that glorious summer sunset, and with bowed and reverent heads listened in unbroken stillness to the service. Soldiers from other camps gathered about, and stood in little knots as spectators. As the manly voices of the united regiment rose upon the evening air, it seemed as though an influence from on high had come in response to strengthen each man's heart, and make him brave. The general commanding was visibly affected. He rode up to the chaplain, and with tearful eyes expressed his thanks for the unexpected service. Then turning to the colonel,

who had also command of a brigade, he said, "Col. B., I shall rely upon your brigade." The event justified his remark; for that brigade was the first in action, sustained the brunt of the battle for hours, "and did it well," as Gen. McDowell officially declared, and was the last to leave the field. Had all the other brigades behaved as well, the fortune of the day would have been different, and "Bull Run" would have been written in brighter lines in the annals of the North.

The enforcement of order, and the proper discipline of a corps, depend, to a very great extent, upon the character of its officers, and especially upon the character and efficiency of its commanding officer. If the colonel of a regiment, or the general of a brigade, is a virtuous, manly, and religious man, the influence of his life and character will be felt for good by every man under his command; if otherwise, his influence will be greatly detrimental. Some officers are martinet; and they work and badger and worry their men, attempting to enforce a multitude of petty rules. They endeavor to be despots on a small scale; and labor under the mistake, that their strictness, which only frets and annoys the men, is good discipline. The effect of such conduct is to estrange and alienate the men; to make military life an object of complete disgust to them; and to do away with all the good impressions which a voluntary performance of duty, and

a willing risk of life for the sake of duty, are likely to make. Other officers are easy, indolent, and indulgent; passing over many offences lightly, because of a disinclination to make the necessary exertions for their punishment; sometimes waking up to a sense of duty in this respect, and then visiting even slight faults with undue severity; thus allowing the caprice of the moment to decide upon and inflict the penalties of disobedience. Such officers, in their desire to become popular with their men, subvert and prevent the proper discipline of their corps, and become really unpopular; for the men, while they take advantage of and abuse the good-nature of their commander, really despise him for his want of energy, and his inability to restrain and control them. Other officers, again, have joined the volunteer service as though they thought campaigning was more of a frolic at Washington than a serious business, involving the fate of a continent. It was a pleasant thing to parade, at the head of a regiment, up and down Pennsylvania Avenue; to flash one's epaulets and shoulder-straps beneath the light of the President's chandeliers; to interchange compliments and visits with the fashionables of the metropolis who still remained loyal, or whose connection with the Government gave them a support, and a quasi standing in society. It was a pleasant thing to wear a uniform and a title. Meanwhile the men might suffer for the want of the

common necessities of life. The business of the camp was intrusted to incompetent subordinates, who required constant oversight, and who without it floundered in the midst of difficulties which they could not overcome, and which threatened to overwhelm them. The bar-rooms and hotel-parlors of the capital were more attractive than the encampment, where disaffection and discontent were rapidly inducing demoralization, and provoking to mutiny. Having occasion to visit an encampment one day, to transact some business with the colonel of the regiment there stationed, I inquired, of a soldier near the entrance, where I should find the colonel. His reply was: "If you find him at all, you will be more lucky than we are; for we do not see him oftener than once in two or three weeks." I ascertained that he lived at a hotel part of the time. Other officers, again, joined the army for the sake of achieving some military glory, or for the furtherance of some ambitious scheme for political preferment. Such officers used even the good condition of their regiments, as equipped by the State that sent them, for the purposes of their own glorification. Then petty jealousies and intrigues would spring up; and the officers of the same corps, or of different corps belonging to the same State, would be planning against one another. I have known even an executive of a State to be jealous of his appointees, thinking that they might achieve more

distinction than himself; and endeavoring to supplant them, and prevent their promotion, as he feared that they might, by and by, stand in the way of his own advancement. This is the dark side of the picture. Its deepest shadows lay all along the road from Washington to Manassas, through the week which ended in the disaster of the 21st of July.

There are brighter and more cheerful tints. Officers there were, and they were not few, who were conscientious, unselfish, Christian men, and who made it the constant study of their term of service to provide for the comfort and welfare of the men who were under their charge. They entered into the contest from the very strongest sense of duty. They felt as though the voice of God called them. They had no desire for glory, no selfish motives, no ulterior ends. They felt that they could thus be useful to their country in the time of its need ; and they left home and its comforts, positions of ease and affluence, lucrative business and prosperous fortunes, to become the servants of duty, and to give even their lives to the cause of liberty and law. They were even so free from any meanness and selfish jealousy, and so completely disinterested, as to work night and day for the benefit of their regiments, and allow others to receive the credit which was wholly due to themselves. These officers were to be found in their own camps, attend-

ing, first of all, to their duties there, paying every attention to the condition of their men, seeing that they were properly fed and clothed, and even providing for their wants from their own private funds. They shared the hardships and privations of the campaign with their soldiers ; and, in the hour of danger, led them against the foe. These were men of prayerful souls, of temperate habits, and of the most upright and truthful character. The soldiers had confidence in them, and knew that they were entirely competent to lead them. They said, "Whatever Col. So-and-so says must be right." — "Wherever he goes, we are willing to follow." — "Whatever he commands must be done." Such an officer, combining generosity with strictness, winning the men to regard his slightest wish, rather than compelling them to obedience to his orders, attracting their affection and respect, will soon have his regiment under the most thorough discipline. It will be governed more by love than fear. The moral influence of such a man's daily life will elevate and dignify the life of every private in the ranks. I think I have known such a man ; and I know that he was regarded, by every officer and soldier that was associated with him, with the most touching devotion and the most affectionate esteem. It was an instance of "hero-worship" such as I hardly thought could exist. So patient that man was, so self-devoted, so disinterested, so thoroughly a master of

every situation in which he was placed, so complete a tactician and so brave a soldier, so kind to man and so trustful towards God, so genial a companion and so faithful a friend, as to occasion no surprise that the men of his regiment loved him as they would love a parent, and would willingly have laid down their lives in his behalf. It was no matter of surprise that his regiment should stand in the very front rank in the army of the Union, distinguished for its good conduct and manly bearing in the camp, and its steadiness and gallantry in the field. The Government early recognized the value of his services; and he is now occupying a higher position, and in a fair way of winning and wearing yet greener laurels.

Now, it is the discipline which such a man can exercise that is required in our armies. Valor and courage, superiority in arms and equipments, are of slight avail, without discipline and the habits of obedience. I have read the various accounts of newspaper correspondents, and the official reports of the battle of Bull Run. There is any amount of fable in the former, whether addressed to New York, Boston, or London journals; and scenes are described which never existed, and could not possibly exist, except in the fearful and excited imagination of the writers. Letter-writers from Washington are accustomed to draw a pretty long bow; and the effect of the battle upon the minds of most of

these panic-stricken scribblers was to elongate the bow more than ever. Yet, from what I am able to glean from these accounts, and sift from the official reports, and what I was fortunate or unfortunate enough to witness for myself, I conclude that the day was lost because of the deficiency of discipline on the part of both officers and men. Men left the ranks singly, or by twos and threes; regiments imperceptibly melted away; captains lost their companies, and companies, their captains. At one time, the road was crowded with men going to the rear upon almost every pretext, apparently careless of the result, and only anxious to get out of the way of danger,—a confused, disorganized, and unshapely mass, from which would be heard inquiries as to the position of such and such and such a regiment. No army in the world could stand under circumstances like these; and, when the final advance of the enemy was made, there was nothing left to the regiments that still remained unbroken but to retreat in as good order as was possible. It was done, with the conviction on the part of many, afterwards confirmed, and which, indeed, was the salvation of the retreating body, that the enemy was in as bad a plight as themselves. It is impossible to make men brave who are “undisciplined in virtue”; and it is impossible that men should be thus disciplined without the daily and hourly drill, the self-training

and the example of their “teachers and governors.” The fortunes of the field depend upon the discipline of the camp.

Gen. McClellan seems thoroughly to understand this fact, and he has abundant ability to act according to its suggestions. Gen. McDowell probably understood it; but he was not competent to deal with it. He is a generous and faithful man, and a good officer; but he was not quite equal to the command of so important a movement as that which was attempted in July. Gen. McClellan unites with the generosity and fidelity of his predecessor other qualities,—ability to command, great executive power, a sleepless vigilance, and a complete understanding of the situation, and of the importance of the movement committed to his direction. He also engages the confidence and excites the enthusiasm of the soldiers. They believe him, and the country believes him, when he says, “We have had our last retreat; we have seen our last defeat: henceforth, victory will crown our efforts.” The echo of those words will be heard in every camp of our army, and a full response will be given. A full organization, a better drill, a thorough discipline in the use of arms and in the moral forces of character and virtue, now prevail; and the expectations of the people will be realized. Rebellion will be beaten back, and peace and unity will once more reign. God speed the time!

Army Series.]

[No. 6.

THE HOME TO THE HOSPITAL.

ADDRESSED TO THE

SICK AND WOUNDED OF THE ARMY OF THE UNION.

BY

JOHN F. W. WARE.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

1862.

THE HOME TO THE HOSPITAL,

GREETING :

FATHERS AND BROTHERS, HUSBANDS AND SONS !

A FEW months ago you went from us in all the promise and hope of your manhood. The duty which called you was one which we had no right to resist, though it compelled us to part with those in whom is our life. We would not prevent you, but gave you our tears and our blessings. We have followed you faithfully since. In your homes, in our hearts, you are never forgotten. With prayer we dismissed you, with prayer have we followed you, hoping it might please the Great Father to lead you onward to victory, and then bring you back to us saved from the peril. We have shared with you privations, exposures, successes, reverses. The blow that has struck you has wounded us also. We feel that the ties which bound us before are strengthened by your absence and endurance, and we trust that you feel the old home-love still about you, its invisible presence and influence enfolding, upholding you.

NO. VI.

Before the work is accomplished, you are withdrawn. The fortune of war has taken you out of the active duties of camp and of field. Sickness has laid its hand on you : the bullet and the sword have found you. Separate alike from comrades and from home, you no longer share in the fatigue of the march, the excitement of the picket, the rough pleasures of the bivouac, or the dangers of battle. The strong limbs which have borne you under hot suns, pelting storms, heavy burdens, refuse now their service, and you, once sufficient to your own wants, must now wait for the ministries of others. The might of the warrior is less than the strength of a child. Only in heart are you strong.

We long to be with you, to show that we love as we speak, and, by such service as only home can bring, to soothe your sorrows and pains. But it cannot be. It is hard, but it is best. Faithful and tender assistants and nurses watch over you, not, indeed, as we would, not as mother and sister and wife. We bless them for their unselfish devotion, and submit to the necessity that keeps us away. We will be patient and hope. Do not think we speak idly, when we beg you likewise to submit, be patient, and hope !

One of God's best gifts, sickness, is never welcome to man. It is never easy to bear. Suffering and weariness will come even where affection and wealth strive to avert them. The nameless

ministries of love mitigate but little the raging of fever, the tossing of unrest, the lingering of day and of night. They give us courage and patience, they soothe, but they cannot take away the burden laid on the sufferer, which he only can bear. The angels who ministered to Jesus soothed him and strengthened him, but they could not take from him the cup the Father had ordained he should drink.

You are not at home. You have not these alleviations. The rough though faithful service of comrades, the kind and gentle care of nurses, lack just that which only home can give, while bare walls and crowded wards and narrow beds, how unlike they are to the quiet and seclusion of home ! Pain and disease come to you in their full sharpness and horror. We know that the soldier dreads the hospital more than the battle, — that he fears not its pains, but its scenes and depressions. We know that the wearing pining for home, the malady the surgeon cannot reach or the nurse assuage, adds tenfold to the anguish from disease or from wound. In all that we have to say, we beg you to feel that we understand this ; that our advice and encouragement grow out of this understanding.

To many of you this is every way a new experience. The fact of sickness itself is new. It is the first break in a rude, vigorous life. You have known other hardships, privations, but nothing like this. The thought of your country's peril nerved

you to break away from the ease and occupations of life ; the thought of her gratitude, the glory of helping in her redemption, have sustained you in all you have passed through. You have done much and borne much. It will be written on the page of history, and never forgotten. Your names may not be known, but your deeds will shine forever. Now a harder task is yours,— the patient, manly bearing of the inevitable lot which has struck at your hopes, removed you from active service, and sends you back to us, not heroes, as you and we had dreamed, but feeble, maimed, possibly a burden through life to yourselves, and you may think a burden to us; but the home will never feel that, when her children come with still loyal hearts and lay their woes at her feet.

Because you are struck down by the way, do not think your work has not been done. The true patriot enlists to serve his country. It is not for him to decide the manner in which he shall render that service. There are two ways in which every great cause is to be served,— two classes of servants to work out the will of God. The great poet has uttered only half the truth when he says, "They also serve who only stand and wait." It must be added, They also serve who live to suffer. No cause is a success till it has been suffered for. So long as the Saviour walked in Judæa and Galilee, uttering great truths, doing kind deeds, his cause

did not advance, it was not a success. But when Paul could point to him as "Christ *crucified*," as "the Captain of our salvation, made perfect through suffering," then all religions yielded, and the Gospel triumphed. To carry out his purposes, to insure success to the noblest causes, God needs the sufferer as well as the doer.

Nor is it the less noble place God gives the sufferer. Men give their award to deeds,—to heroes, generals, conquerors. But men make great mistakes. In the noise and plaudit which attend feats of arms, which welcome those who come home unscathed, wearing the laurel of victory, you may find no mention, but your service will not be forgotten of God. He appoints you to a great duty. You have done much and would gladly do more. *He has elected you to help him, to serve your country now, by suffering.* You left us saying that it was sweet to die for your country. Men have fallen with such words on their lips. Will you, then, hesitate to accept this other mode of suffering for her? It does not dazzle the imagination so to live and suffer as it does to die. Men love better to be the hero than the martyr, and they honor the one rather than the other; but there may be as much real heroism on the cot of the hospital as on the battle-field,—infinitely more in a life of endurance than in the passing pang of what men call a "glorious" death. The catalogue of saints and martyrs

outshines that of heroes and soldiers, as a sun outshines a star. If we may place at the head of one Washington, "the Father of his country," at the head of the other stands Jesus, "the Saviour of man." In one of his letters home, a young private states the whole truth: "Nothing can be gained without sacrifice. Many brave hearts have ceased to beat in this noble cause. We should be poor patriots should we be less forward. For *whatever* I am needed I am ready and shall be content."

Let your spirit be such. Be content with the way in which it pleases God that you shall now serve your country's cause, and accept it as from him. You are not out of service,—you are not useless. It has been sweetly as truly said by one of the tenderest writers of song:—

" Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer do ;
Yet while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show ;
My patience may thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim thy praise."

This is not mere poetry. It is truth,—truth hard for us to accept, but nevertheless *truth*. Action, daring, success, are not the only modes of forwarding the good cause. The humble sufferer has his part in the great work,—helps to round and complete the whole. If it be sweet to *die* for one's country, it is honor and privilege to *suffer* for it! You would not halt at the first; do not shrink from the last!

And it will always be an honor to you to have suffered in this cause,—a thing justly to be proud of, a glory about your manhood and your age. The soldier of other countries holds up his head, “shoulders his crutch,” points to his wounds at the name of Waterloo, or Napoleon. All the old fire burns in his veins again. Has any soldier of Europe that to be proud of which you have? Is any veteran of them all scarred in a service holy as yours? He was the hireling of a monarch, the conscript of a restless, unscrupulous warrior. You—not soldiers by trade, not conscript or drafted, in the field only till the evil is past—have thrown aside everything else, and *voluntarily* given yourselves to the service of liberty, of humanity. Others have endured much, struck strong blows for their own redemption. You fight for the race, to re-establish what your fathers declared, what your fathers not only died for, but suffered for,—to plant anew, no “sounding, glittering generality,” but a cardinal, eternal truth,—man’s inalienable right “to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” Others have struck for their altars and their hearths, you for the principle without which altars and hearths are vain. It shall be settled once for all, and now, you have said, that *man* is free! In that cause you are wounded, in that cause you are laid low by disease. Better than medal, or ribbon, or cross of honor, the badge you must carry, perhaps to your

grave, in your body,—the proof of your fidelity to your country, to your race, to your God.

We address the sick as the wounded. We class you together. We hold you as one, as equally entitled to our gratitude, equally the servitors of God and of home. There has been some injustice toward those who are "*only*" sick. "I wish I were wounded," said a sick soldier; "then I, too, should get some attention and sympathy." We have seen the thick crowd about the man who was wounded, while the man *only* sick, faithful in every duty of camp and of battle, sick because he was faithful, was left, like the impotent man of old, to the charity of some chance spirit of mercy. We have thought that a something too much was done for the wounded; that charity and sympathy, not always discreet, had been carried too far in one direction, not far enough in the other. All this has pained us, and we know it must pain those so unfortunate as to be *only* sick. There is neither kindness nor justice nor wisdom in this. Wounds appeal to a certain popular sympathy as disease cannot. Disease is an every-day thing. It has no romance about it. It does not speak as a wound does to the imagination, to the masses. A wound is no special sign of bravery or exposure, nor is the sick man less a brave man because his chance is to be untouched by the battle. There is other hard and wearing and dangerous service beside the fight. We cannot cure the world,

and it may be that you will have to submit to this sort of injustice from those who only regard the outside; but be sure that home will never make this distinction. She will pray, she will toil for, she will welcome and watch over, the manhood diseased just as cheerfully as the manhood crippled. The sick man as the wounded shall have equal honor, and their rest within her embrace shall be equally sweet.

There are intervals in all recovery from sickness — and such will come to you — when the pains of the body are still, when lassitude passes, leaving the mind not merely calm, but disposed to activity. There is then a depth and clearness of moral perception and conviction such as one rarely arrives at in the hurry and pressure and delusions of health. The man is to himself, and life is to him, quite unlike what they have seemed. The shams in him and about him recede, and in their place stand great realities and duties. Too many suffer these seasons to glide away in delicious, dreamy repose, and so lose one of the greater blessings a divine mercy has attached to the mission of sickness. We ask you to guard against this, not to yield to the fascinations of a luxurious indolence, but rouse yourselves to the duties demanded, and of which you are capable. If there is ever a time that a man will be honest with himself,— when he will probe and spare not, — it is when, aside from the demands and pretence of the world, the things which have led him and

deceived him stand stripped of their power and charm. He is the soldier resting on the field after the fight, calmly and clearly surveying the past, as calmly and clearly getting ready for the future. As no soldier would refuse to profit by such a pause, so should no man. He omits it at his peril. Losing it, he makes eternal loss. The true man will use this opportunity, this privilege God throws in his way and supplies with incentives and helps, so that when he goes into active life again,— becomes in it a force once more,— he shall know that he carries with him new power and wisdom and virtue, is every way stronger and wiser and better. God gives man these now and then halting seasons, that he may prepare for new and right action. To lose one is to lose his intended blessing.

Sickness has duties no less than health. They are peculiar, many, definite,— small in themselves perhaps, yet in their aggregate of vital importance. There are no furloughs in the service of God. None is discharged in that warfare. Duty follows a man, though he be suffering. The sick man, the man plodding through a weary convalescence, is apt to think his unreasonableness, his irritability, quite pardonable. He cannot help them. He expects quick, kind, patient service. He has a right to demand these. But he forgets that those who wait on him have their rights too. He frets, is peevish, exacting. He does not blame himself for it; others

have no right to blame him. The fault is in his condition. This is not so. Make every reasonable allowance and deduction for the uncontrollable demands of nerves and weakness and hope deferred, there is a large amount of sick-room irritability which a man can control, if he only remembers that, though sick, he is still on duty, and, as a man, bound always to control himself. No true man should be willing to throw himself, as a dead weight, utterly upon the sympathy and charity of others. He will not yield to every whim, every impatience, every craving, but curb himself, and spare, as he can, his faithful attendants. The sick man is not only to be ministered unto, but in turn to minister ; not weakly to receive, but bravely to give ; to show his courage upon a bed as he would in a battle ; to keep his sufferings back rather than thrust them selfishly forward. As he lies there, he is an influence ; he may be a blessing. What good a single unselfish spirit may do in a hospital ward ! How he will shame the fractious and discontented, how he will cheer the depressed, and with what brave hope will he re-nerve the timid and despairing ! With what alacrity weary feet will do his bidding ! And so, though lying there helpless and suffering, he becomes almoner of the rich treasures of an unselfish heart, a benediction alike to patient and nurse. There shall never be written on human pages the triumphs of the lowly and suffering ; but

in that book God keeps ever open, and where nothing is omitted, they will all shine, and brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Briefly let us point you to three things which we at home think you should specially strive to attain.

And, first, *Patience*. Almost it seems as if it were needless for us to speak of this, so universal is the witness that comes up from battle-fields, from transports, from hospitals, of the marvellous patience of our dear sufferers. The heroism of the field has been followed by the harder heroism of the hospital. This is not always so. Many a man can fight who cannot bear,—is patient while active, impatient when suffering. The world does not know its true heroes yet; but the home, admiring your deeds, prizes, as your crowning glory, the heroism of your sufferings. She approves your patience amid the hardships of the field, but she clasps you to her heart for your endurance of sickness and wound.

Still there is something to be said. Patience is not a manly virtue, nor a grace that we covet. It is one of those things we have been quite willing to allow to women. We have made Job a byword. The world sadly needs patient men; and there are sadly impatient men in hospitals. You who were impatient at home will be impatient there. But now something more than our comfort or your self-respect is involved. You need patience as one means of recovery. The man who frets retards his

recovery by fretting. Besides, patience is the only return you can make the faithful men and women who so unweariedly, day and night, watch over you; who have left their homes, and their ease, and their comfort, and are, many of them, without money and without price, giving themselves wholly to you. Duty called them to you. The same duty calls on you to show your gratitude by the steadfastness of your patience.

But patience is not enough. It is a high virtue, but it needs support. A mere dogged patience, the bracing of the will or the nerves to bear quietly, will not do. The hospital needs *cheerfulness*. It is to the spirit what sunlight is to the room. It does for the inward man what the light does for the outward. There can be no physical health in a cheerless room, or with a discontented heart.

It is possible for every man to be cheerful, whatever his lot. Cheerfulness is not a thing of outward conditions. It springs from within. It is not merely the grace of a full heart, it is often the charm of a sad one. God *gives* it to some men, but all men may acquire it, and the thing acquired is always sweeter and stronger than the thing given. That is only half courage which bears up under dangers and hardships. The highest courage lies in cheerful bearing. God loves a cheerful bearer, and comes to him with his great strength and help.

You all desire to get out of the hospital, back to

your duties or your homes. Nothing has so much to do with this as cheerfulness. Disease is determined largely by mental conditions. Convalescence is slow and protracted, or pleasant and sure, according as the man keeps himself. Fret beneath the rod, be timid, irresolute, self-seeking, and your burden will be a burden indeed,—heavy, galling, dead,—but “put a cheerful courage on,” and you will find the burden growing easy and light. Even love gets tired of doing, forgets its sympathy, intermits its tenderness, where there is churlish exactation and selfishness.

One word about that highest thing, which indeed embraces all, but which we keep separate, and speak and think of as separate,—*Faith*. The man who has a clear, upright, manly Christian faith,—not a mere name, but a living thing in him,—has patience and cheerfulness as all other Christian virtue and grace. Yet these may exist without this,—and so the home says, as her last word to you, Add to these *Faith*. This war has spoken to you as even your Bibles have not before. You cannot have passed these scenes, you cannot have lain on bloody field, in narrow cot, you cannot have had these angel ministries succeed the savage assault of battle, without feeling all this various experience drawing you more and more into the presence of, into dependence upon, the great Unseen Spirit. If there be no deeper conviction in you, no more earnest purpose of loyal

service, no stronger yearning to be sons of God, then indeed are your eyes holden and your hearts hard. By the baptism of blood it was that Jesus became lifted up before all men, became the world's Redeemer; and the baptism of blood may work alike mightily in you, perfecting what was unworthy, drawing you toward the All Pure, giving you the coveted spirit of adoption. It is only a living, unwavering Christian faith that sustains any man. Do not let these hours slip, do not pass hence to your homes again, or back to your duties, without possessing that surely which shall be your sufficient help in the time of all trouble. To the God who has been so plenteous in mercy give the remainder of your strength and your days.

Fathers, husbands, brothers, sons! Some of you will go back to the active scenes and duties of camp and field,—to temptations and dangers. This sickness is not unto death or disability. Go to these as new men, as men profited, purged by the rich experience of discipline with which it has pleased God to visit you. Go back happier and wiser, leaving the low and the bad behind, and pressing forward, as the Apostle did, toward the mark, for the prize. Remember how great a loss it is to lose an opportunity. God has called others — your comrades — suddenly. You he has withdrawn, that you might think, repent, resolve, amend. The opportunity is a privilege. Do not

despise it,—and when, in other days, in the circle of those you love, you recount the scenes of daring and danger through which you have passed, and take to yourselves honest pride for your faithful discharge of your duty, and feel their love and respect for what you have done, may there lie in your hearts the better and deeper conviction, that, while the field gave you honor with men, the hospital insured you the “Well done!” of God.

Some of you, dear friends, must quit the hospital to come home to us, to realize that your early promise is blighted, that you cannot again take a place in the race with your peers, that life’s prizes are not for you. It will be a sad coming for you and for us; for are not our hopes crushed in yours? You were our pride, our confidence, our tower of strength. How little seemed the world’s ills when we had you to lean on and to hope in! But come to us, dearly loved, nothing fearing. The change is sad and terrible. We prayed against it in vain. We accept it; and, in the spirit of the English maiden of our fathers’ day, whose lover doubted if she would keep her vow to one so bruised and maimed, home says to you, “Come, and, if there be but body enough to keep the soul in, we will receive you gladly as ours, and our lives shall be yours.” Do not you come to prey upon the noble unselfishness of home. Remember her suffering in yours. Do not add to the inevitable burden by any ugly spirit, any evil habit,

any hard ingratitude, but let the marring of your body and the cutting you away from manly pursuits lift you into that nobler manhood which Christ and Paul have shown us are to be reached through suffering.

Some of you (we speak it gently and reverently) must die, — die in your early prime ; die when life has so much for you ; die — and how shall we live without you ? God has terrible teachings for all in this strife ; but his teachings are not all dark. “Paternal love o'er all presideth.” The form in which the spirit of love chooses to address us we may not understand : we cannot doubt the spirit. Said a young private, as he was leaving home, to one who spoke of the dangers before him, “If one can only say, OUR FATHER, there is no fear.” That was the perfect love which cast all fear out. In that faith that young man died, — not on the battle-field, as he would have preferred, but on the cot of the hospital, away from all he loved and longed to see, yet yielding up a loyal heart peacefully, because he could say, “OUR FATHER.” That is the great all in all ; and for such the door of the Father’s home stands day and night open. His arms and his welcome await them.

Dear friends of the home ! whatever betide you, be cheerful, be patient and trustful. The dark days shall pass. This life has its awards, — the glory and honor that perish ; but the rewards of eternity are honor and glory immortal.

Army Series.]

[No. 7.

A

LETTER TO A SICK SOLDIER,

FROM

ROBERT COLLYER.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1862.

LETTER.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

I want to say, first of all, that this letter is written to you. It may be that I never saw your face, and I may never meet you as long as I live; but if you are a soldier, fighting for the Union and the Constitution, I love you like a brother; and if you are sick, I should like to have a quiet chat with you by means of this letter, that will cheer you up and help you to get well again. I wish I could come and sit down beside you, instead of sending you this printed letter. I think I could do more in that way than I can by writing. I went into the hospital at Mound City very soon after you men did that grand thing at Fort Donelson; and as I went down one of the wards, I saw one young fellow looking very sad. I went to his bedside, and he said, "Mister, I wish you would set down and talk a piece"; so I sat down and began to talk, first about Donelson, and the battle, and how he got hurt; but I soon found out that he wanted to

talk about home, and then we had a real good chat. He told me about his home on the prairie, and about his folks, and I wrote a letter for him to his father and mother, and a few lines to some one that he called "Dear Amandie," and then we shook hands, and I went away. Well, it was a wonder to see how that talk helped the boy; he seemed to be ever so much better for it, and I have no doubt at all but he was better, because he was more cheerful and hopeful than he was before, and that is a great thing when a man is sick; I think it is half the battle. Now I should dearly love to sit down beside you and talk to you just in the same way, if you are sick and sad. I know soldiers like to talk about their home, and their folks. It does them good whether they are sick or well, but most of all when they are sick. There is a likeness that can be carried about in a man's heart, which has far more life in it than a photograph. We leave our home and wife and children, or mother and sisters, but we carry them with us too wherever we go, and they help us to be better men than we could be without them.

There is a touching story on this point in the history of the last rebellion in India. When the war broke out, the rebels invested one fort away back in the country. The defenders of the fort were few, and the enemy numerous, but the men fought like lions, not only for duty, and the honor

of a soldier, but also because they had their wives and children in the fort with them, and the rebels fought like fiends to get at them, day after day, but still they could not take the fort. Provision got low inside, and the water began to give out, but still the men held on. The General sent a detachment to their relief, but they had to march a long way under a burning Indian sun. When they came to the fort the rebels made a desperate effort to drive them back, but they cut the rebels to pieces and rushed into the fort. The poor soldiers, all thin and worn, stood ready to welcome them with their wives and children by their sides. And the story is, that the moment those great, rough soldiers saw the little children, they ran up to them, and caught them in their arms and began to cry like children themselves. They could stand the heavy tramp through the burning Indian sun. They could face the enemy and drive him like chaff before the wind. But the sight of little children broke them down, because, I suppose, every one of them had a picture of such little ones in his own heart, that he carried with him wherever he went.

A soldier is commonly a rough fellow. He leads a rough life. He has a great many rough things to try him. It does not help a man, to be away from his home, his mother and sisters, or wife and children. It hurts him. He grows coarse under

it, and careless. He says things that he would be ashamed to let a woman hear him say, because there is no woman about. Still, I believe a great many soldiers are like a September chestnut. The outside is hard, and sharp, and shut up, but the inside is soft, and sweet, and good.

Well, now, my friend, I do hope you will get strong and well, and go back to that dear old place again when this war is over. I tell you there is a great deal of love waiting for you in those hearts, more than they ever put into their letters. They think of you every day, and pretty much all day long. I meet mothers and sisters and wives, all the time, who have sons and brothers and husbands in the army, and it is wonderful to me to see the light that is in their eyes, and the color that tinges their check, and the tones of pride and love in their voices, when they mention the name of the dear one who has gone out to fight for them, and for his country. I can see very clearly how they feel about it,—they feel that honor is better than comfort; that to be true in danger is more than to be false and safe; that there is a love in a woman for a man that is better than the love which would keep him at home,—a love which bids him go out and defend the country she loves so well, and the cause for which she is ready to die.

And I want to tell you, too, that you may have a far better chance to get well than you think you

have. When a man is sick, he is almost sure to look on the dark side, to think he is worse than he really is. Now I have been a great deal in the hospitals, and have noticed that the cheerful men are sure to fight through the best. I knew a soldier in one of the hospitals away out in Missouri, who told me he had been so sick that the doctor told him he was sure he would die. But he told the doctor that he was sure he would not die, and he kept his word. He got well, and then the doctor had to give in, and that man was one of the cheerful sort. I find it is good when I feel cast down to look the thing square in the face and to see what it really means. It may be all right, or it may be all wrong. Now suppose we try to reckon up how you stand, and then see whether you ought not to feel very cheerful and bright.

1. Are you a true man, or a traitor? You are a true man. When this foul treason shook its rattles and reared its head to strike at the breast of our great mother, and she called upon her true and brave sons to come, as they loved her, and defend her life at the peril of their own, you, my friend, were one of the men that sprang to her rescue. Your own home was very dear to you, but your country was dearer than your home. You loved your mother and sisters, or your wife and children,—God knows how much you loved them; but your own mother country, the country that gave you birth, or that adopted

you as one of her own sons, she had the first claim, and you heard her cry for help, and answered it, by putting your own stout heart between your country and her foes. Your own life was dear to you. It was said long ago, and indeed some men say now, that all that a man has he will give for his life. But it was the Devil who said it, and you have shown by your deed that it was a lie. A mere base coward will give all that he has for his life. But you will not give your self-respect, or your liberty, or, above all, the honor of your country, for your life. Yonder is a bit of bunting floating over the camp; we call it "the stars and stripes," "the dear old flag," "the red, white, and blue"; one by one those stars have come up in the firmament of our nation from thirteen to thirty-four. Now this foul treason tries to tear those stars out of their places, and you have fought to keep them in their places until you are crippled or broken down by sickness. Here you are a sick man, and that piece of bunting seems to be only a small matter, but it stands for the honor and pride of America, and if a traitor should try to tear it down, and trample it in the dust, you would crawl out and shoot him down if you died the next minute, you know you would, you could not help it. And so I say you are a true man, not a traitor, and you have a right to be proud and glad of that, and to keep a stout heart through it all.

2. Are you a man loved or neglected? You are a man loved. Not only do the old folks at home love you, or the wife and children, but the whole country is aflame with love to every brave man who stands in her defence. Tens of thousands of women, from Eastport to San Francisco, are working for you every day with a most touching earnestness, and sending their stores to our noble Sanitary Commission to be given to you; and as they work they think about you, and talk about you,—and if you came and stood in the doorway where they are at work, and said, "I am a soldier of the Republic, I am sick and need nursing," you would find in that company exactly as many nurses as there were women, and not one but you would think might be your mother or sister for her tenderness and care! And the whole loyal country loves you and honors you! The citizen soldier, if he be a brave, true man, is the peer of the foremost men in the state! The upper ten has lost its old meaning. It means every man now that has sprung out to the rescue of the old flag, and is in his place, sick or well,—alive to fight, or fallen with his face to the foe.

3. But though you know that you are so loved and cared for by not only those at home but by the good everywhere, you may fear that God does not love you or care for you. You sometimes think how bad you have talked or done, and can hardly believe that the good Father can care for you. You

fear that he would not be glad to give you what you need, and bestow what you ask for, that he would not help you to grow better and be better. I say, he desires more to bless you than you can desire to be blessed. He is more willing to give than you can be to receive. The poorest, the saddest, the most thoughtless of him, when they seek him like little children, trusting in his goodness, are received home by him. Let us see, my brother, if it is not so. Suppose you had a particular flower, and wanted to save the seed. But in the summer the canker and worms got at it, and there was only just one grain left, would you throw that one grain away when the stalk was dead? No; you would take more care of that one grain than if you had a bushel; and you would plant it in the spring, and try again. Now, if you will find a man who has not one grain of good in him I shall think he is in danger of being entirely lost, because there is nothing in him that is worth saving. But I never found such a man in my life, never. Every man has some grain of good in him, and just as Christ tells us that the shepherd cares more for the one lost sheep, until he finds it, than he cares for the ninety and nine that are safe, so will God care more for that one grain of good in you and me than more in better men, ay, and plant it and nurse it in a new soil and in a new spring-time, when this dead stalk shall fall away from it,—because there is not an-

other seed just like it in all the creation, and because God loves everything that he has made. He loves you better than your own father or mother or wife loves you, — better than you love your own children, if you have any.

We had a boy in one of our Western regiments who was what you might call a hard case. To watch him, you would think he did not care for anything or for anybody ; and if you had asked him, I suppose he would have said he did n't. Well, in one of our first battles he was shot, and the moment the ball struck him he cried out, "O my mother !" and then died. Now there you see was the grain of good. I do not know a thing about that young man's history except what he told then, but that is a key to all the rest. He was a bright, mischievous little fellow in his Western home, and gave his mother a great deal of trouble. But she used to get him to kneel down at her knee before he went to bed, and taught him to say, "Our Father which art in heaven." When he grew up, he was wild and noisy and reckless, but his mother held on to him, and loved him through it all. One day after the war broke out he came home, and said, "Mother, I 've 'listed," and his mother wept, but she did not ask him not to go, because she knew he was to fight in a noble cause. And when he went away she had a little bundle of things for him, — shirts and stockings, and things that she had

made herself,—and then she kissed him, and he left her. But when he stood on guard in the night, or lay in his tent, he thought of his mother tenderly. And when he fell into his place before the battle, he thought of his mother, and his heart grew strong ; and “MOTHER” was the last word on his lips. Now did that boy’s mother love him right through ? Yes. If she had had the power would she have been instantly at his side when he fell ? You know she would. Will she love him when she meets him in another world ? Yes ; better than ever. And is God our Father in heaven less tender in his love than our father and mother on earth ? I say, no. The love of the best father and mother in the world is no more than a poor shadow of the love of *God*. God is love, and he loves us right through. He loves us here, he will love us yonder. He loves us now, he will love us forever. Death makes no difference with the love of God. When the body is dead, then God takes that one good grain that is in us all, and plants it again in better soil than this, and under a kindlier sky, and he will care for us and see to our growth forever and forever.

And so I say cheer up. You are a true, brave man. You have fought in a noble cause. America is proud of her sons. Ten thousand hearts beat faster for your holy devotion. Those that knew you and loved you before love you now with a love deeper than ever. Mothers say, This is my son ;

sisters say, This is my brother ; wives say, This is my husband ; children say, This is my father ; and the whole loyal nation says, This is a soldier of the Republic, a defender of the right, a man to stand beside the men of '76, *our* soldier and *our* son. And I do hope, my friend, if you have been a wicked man, when you get well you will take a new start. Nay, take it now you are sick. If you have done a good deal of hard, coarse swearing, you will feel how wrong it is to speak so of Him who loves you so well, and you will drop it entirely. It will do you no good. It will do you harm. If you do not take care, you will be shocked when you get back home, to find how you have run down in the things that make a gentleman, a true man.

Take care what you eat and drink, both now and when you get into camp again ; some men dig their graves with their teeth, and some burn their inside out with bad whiskey, just as much as if they had swallowed melted lead. Keep as clean as you can. Some men seem to think that a man is like an egg, that you can keep him fresh longest in salt brine, for they hardly ever wash after any amount of profuse perspiration. But a man is like a flower, he keeps fresh best with pure water. When the people went to a man who was very old and very hearty, and wanted to know his secret, how he managed to be so hearty, he said, Keep your head cool, keep your feet warm. Be a good man. Try to do right,

to love God and serve him. In other words, take care of your body and soul too, and then you may snap your fingers at the doctors. And so, dear friend, I say to you, good by; God bless you; keep a stout heart. We are in the right; our cause is just and good; we fight to preserve our birthright. The fathers are with us. The good men all over the world are with us; and, finally, God is with us, and we shall conquer, and be once more a great and strong nation.

Leaves fall, but, lo, the young buds peep!
Flowers die, but still their seed shall bloom!
From death the quick young life will leap,
When spring shall come and touch the tomb.
The splendid shiver of brave blood
Is thrilling through our country now,
And she who in old times withstood
The tyrant lifts again her brow.
God's precious charge we sternly keep
Unto the final victory;
With freedom we will live, or sleep
With our great dead who set us free.
God forget us when we forget
To keep the old flag flying yet.

Army Series.]

[No. 8.

A N

ENEMY WITHIN THE LINES.

BY

S. H. WINKLEY.

BOSTON:

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

1863.

AN ENEMY WITHIN THE LINES.

SOLDIERS! What are we fighting for? Is it simply for victory?—Certainly not. It is for our national existence. But were the nation a mere band of pirates, would soldiers fight for it? The more thoroughly excellent a nation and its institutions, the more ready are we to make any sacrifice for it. If this be so, anything which lessens the worth of the nation destroys that which we would preserve; more, if anything, than opposing forces of armed men. To be consistent, a soldier's duty is double: to fight, indeed, and that bravely; but also to promote virtue, and that zealously,—to be manly, noble, and true every way. Many a man will fight well, and yet prove recreant to virtue;—will face a battery, yet flinch at a sneer. These, without in the least intending it, are *enemies within the lines*. This is just as true of citizens at home and of public men everywhere.

"Tis not because any of these intend thus to become. Of course nearly all would reject the accusation with scorn. This is the hopeful part of

the whole subject, and makes it worth while to write a word. Nor are they in love with vice. Men prefer, at least in their judgments, a good man to a bad one. So says every soldier on furlough, when put to the test.

Therefore let us listen to a talk between two soldiers, on one form of unfaithfulness to the service and the country; namely, profanity.

John. Do you really think there is much harm in profanity, Charley?

Charles. I do.

John. But it is so tame and formal to be so very precise in all your language, especially among the boys.

Charles. You need not be so very precise, only use proper words.

John. But, dear me! when a man is pent up and overflowing he must have emphatic words.

Charles. No one objects to that. The best thing you can do is to select some emphatic words, or do as a certain English king did.

John. How was that?

Charles. A king of England, being very much shocked at the profanity of his court, tried various methods to improve matters, but in vain. At last a wise counsellor suggested that he should give his court a certain unmeaning word, and insist upon their using it instead of the profane expressions. He did so, and it worked to a charm. Profanity

disappeared, and with it all its accompanying roughness and vulgarity.

John. That is all very nice. But not one fellow among a dozen really means any more harm by his profane language, as you call it, than you and others do by your emphatic words, "unmeaning" or otherwise.

Charles. Very likely. But one thing is certain, there is more evil in them ; why not, therefore, omit them ? they certainly are not absolutely essential.

John. Well, no, not absolutely essential, but very convenient.

Charles. And yet one of the most active and ardent men in your company has managed to get along without anything of the sort.

John. O yes ; but he made a bargain with a certain Miss Mary before leaving home, that during his absence he would not use a word to which she would object ; and he is bound to fulfil the agreement.

Charles. Do you like him any the less for it ?

John. Like *him* any the less,—I'll bet we don't. Why, he's one of the noblest fellows I ever knew.

Charles. There's nothing "tame" or "formal" about him, is there ?

John. Not a bit of it. He's the life of the tent.

Charles. Why should you not all follow his example ?

John. O, I don't know,—I don't see any great harm in spicing your conversation a little. Why, Charley, some of the best fellows in the army do this. For my own part, I neither drink nor gamble. In those things I see mischief. But in this strong mode of utterance, I not only fail to see any mischief done to myself, but I am conscious of its being quite a safe channel of relief for some pretty strong emotions.

Charles. No doubt you think so, especially when judging of your own conduct. You would not do so concerning another, especially if that other had a fault which you do not possess. Take, for example, the case of Ned. You told me the other day that he had ceased to be the neat, orderly fellow he was formerly, and yet he is hardly aware of it in himself, though he still notices untidiness in others. Do you not see how that is? Gradually he has yielded to surrounding influences, by which he has blunted his perception, so that he does not recognize his own failures, while he sees those of others. It is just so with profanity; our first profane word is awful; but not those we utter every day. The first time we hear a child, or some person unaccustomed to profanity, use such language, we are again shocked, and then we get used to all this. Only let our chaplain use profane language, and the roughest boy among us would be "down on him."

John. That's so. But that is different.

Charles. Not at all different, providing there is no wrong in profanity.

John. O, I do not mean to defend profanity.

Charles. Then you acknowledge it is somewhat wrong. Do you remember how you protested against your brother's using such language, the first time you heard a profane word fall from his lips?

John. Of course. Well, I suppose it would be as well if we did not use *some* words.

Charles. Such as what?

John. Such as include the name of the Deity.

Charles. Why except those?

John. Well, if a human officer, who may or may not be much of a man, is to receive marks of respect, I think the Almighty should be so much regarded as to prevent his name being used with any lightness.

Charles. Well said, John! that's pretty near the mark. I am inclined to think if you really knew what a Blessed Being he is, you would never listen to that kind of language without pain,—not at least while he keeps your heart beating. The fact is, the boys are not aware of what they are doing. There is too much true feeling in most of them to continue this kind of talk, if they once realized what it meant.

John. I think quite likely. I begin to see it myself in a new light.

Charles. Good! Well, if you do, I'll guarantee

you will be pained at the next improper use of His name who alone has constant and watchful care of us.

John. And this is why you object to it?

Charles. This is one reason; for, if it troubles me, how much more all true mothers and sisters,—and how extremely painful to all heavenly ones, and especially to our Heavenly Father.

John. You say this is one reason; what other objection have you?

Charles. This,—it blunts that feeling of respect and tender regard for our Heavenly Father which we call reverence.

John. Why, you talk of God as if he really had as great and as personal an interest in me as my mother has!

Charles. Certainly,—he has more than that. Would that the boys only knew him as they know their mothers, they would be even more jealous of hearing him spoken of lightly than now of hearing their fathers and mothers so spoken of.

John. I see! I see! 'T is very certain that we cannot care much for, or even respect much, one whose name becomes a mere byword. I am inclined to think that these special expressions,—mind you, Charley, only those having the name of God in them,—might as well be given up.

Charles. Bravo, John! bravo!

John. Mind you, Charley, I am not getting pious.

Charles. Don't fear, my dear fellow, I understand you. You mean that you will at least hold God in respect, if you do not thoroughly love him.

John. Yes. I think any of us might and should do that. And now, Mr. Preacher, I guess I must be off.

Charles. Hold on, John. You shall call me preacher as often as you will, especially if you will let me talk to some purpose, as I have this morning; but I am not done. Don't go out in the middle of my sermon.

John. Well, talk fast, Charley. What more? We have certainly settled this point.

Charles. Yes, and all the more I want to settle another. Those other profane expressions which have not the name of God in them,—why not dispose of them?

John. What, come right up to James's standard? I'll wait till I get a Mary first.

Charles. But why wait for that? Are there not many Marys and mothers and sisters at home who will be delighted at every step we take in this direction? Besides, John, these profane and coarse words are exceedingly mischievous in their results.

John. Don't see it, Charley.

Charles. I am afraid you do not. I also fear that many others do not see it; and yet it is obvious enough.

John. How so?

Charles. You have heard the story of the Quaker who cured a quarrelsome couple? He gave to the wife a bottle, and told her to fill her mouth with a liquid which she would find in it, whenever her husband began to scold. The woman did so, and was amazed to find how charmingly it worked. She came to the Quaker for more, who assured her that water, or what was the same in effect, silence, would do as well.

John. A good story.

Charles. Now these profane words that you use produce just the opposite effect. They kindle and cherish, instead of quenching, the fire of any quick temper.

John. Do you think so?

Charles. Most assuredly. You well know that you could not get James into such unkind quarrels as two others of your fellows often have.

John. No; but then they are different fellows.

Charles. Certainly different. But if those two could be induced to set aside all their rough, profane language, you well know that they would not be so very different after all.

John. That would alter them, certainly.

Charles. It would indeed,—not only externally, but internally. Their whole manner of doing things would be exceedingly improved; but what is more, their whole disposition would be more improved. They could not be so quarrelsome.

John. Upon your principle, that “ practice makes perfect,” you think if they practised in the use of an opposite and better set of words, they would eventually become as efficient in that drill as this.

Charles. Yes, indeed.

John. Well, I guess that's so.

Charles. Besides, “ out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”

John. That is rather an argument on my side; for if the heart is full of these things, we might as well speak them as think them.

Charles. Not quite. I once heard a profane young man make a similar remark to that, when a mother, who was standing by, said to him, “ Had you not let out what was in you, my poor boy would never have learned profanity,—at least from you!” to which the young man’s own mother immediately added, “ And had it not been for others’ profanity, you would not to day have been yourself profane, and blamed for others’ profanity.”

John. There is something in that, certainly.

Charles. There is a great deal in it. John, you and all who are profane are either teaching others this wretched habit, or are confirming those already profane in their rough and coarse practices.

John. A little more, Charley, and you will get the Chaplain’s last text: “ By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.”

Charles. A most excellent text. It is doubly true; for such words are witnesses that we have such thoughts in the mind, and so convict us of the evil within. They also condemn us, because we thereby furnish a supply for others, and so help degrade our brother.

John. There's something in that. I dislike this influencing others; but as to self, I think we only let out what is in us.

Charles. Not quite. By uttering such words, you not only keep active, but you strengthen the habit; whereas by silence you check and destroy it. You stop speaking a language you have learned, and you soon lose it. It goes out of you by neglect. So you stop speaking this language, and it goes out of you. It is no more of the abundance of your heart. You are filled with better thoughts, and will be, until you allow the evil spirit to influence or flow into you, as your words have influenced or flowed into others.

John. I never thought of that before.

Charles. There are others equally thoughtless. Besides, these profane words lead not only back to those expressions that include the name of the Deity, but on to many a vicious word and thought that fire other evil passions.

John. Yes, that's true. Well, really, I do not know but that I would rather not die a profane man.

Charles. Then, John, perhaps you would like to undo what you and others have done, and so die or live a man who has exerted a different influence and led many to your present convictions. Thereby you will so far fit for heaven those whose profanity alone would entirely unfit them for such companionship; or send home an improved son, husband, brother; or give to the nation a better citizen.

John. Well, I have never professed much religion; but as to just this, I should prefer, if I were sick or dying this day, or going to either of those two homes, to think that my influence had been on one side rather than the other.

Charles. Besides, John, is it not the duty of every soldier to do double duty,—first, to make of every rebel a loyal citizen, and second, to make of every man a worthy citizen? So only shall the nation be saved,—in any real sense.

John. Yes, I suppose so.

Charles. Then, John, let self-respect, friendship to the boys, love of country, remembrance of home, and some small interest in Him who loves us so well, as also in his Son, who even died to remove sin from man, move us both to work bravely and diligently in this.

John. Well may you say bravely; for, Charley, I believe there are just two obstacles in the way,—one is habit, the other is cowardice. Of the two I believe cowardice is the greatest difficulty. As a

soldier, I feel ashamed to acknowledge this, but so it is.

Charles. I think that this is even so. But surely you will not allow that to hinder you, when convinced of the propriety, manliness, and beneficial results of a course.

John. No, Charley, I will not. Here is my hand on it. I will do my best.

Charles. Good! Depend upon it, there will be one less enemy within the lines. God will bless you, and all true men will say, Amen.

Army Series.]

[No. 9.

W O U N D E D

AND

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

BY

JOHN F. W. WARE.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1863.

W O U N D E D

AND IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

WE sat about the table, quietly talking over the latest rumors of the battle we knew still to be raging. There was a heavy weight upon all our hearts, though no one had confessed it. All through the weary hours of that weary day, a nameless dread had held us. We each had looked it, but none had spoken. It was late, and yet we lingered, that undefined feeling of approaching evil which had haunted the day settling more moodily over us at the thought of the night,—its separation, its silence, and its solitude.

A quick, sharp ring at the door startled us. No one moved or spoke, yet that sound went deep and heavy into each heart,—the knell of hope. You could see the bracing up of each to hear the tidings we instinctively knew had come,—the convulsive clasping of fingers, the painful heaving of the breath, the pallor of the cheek, the quiver of the lip,—a short, sharp, terrible struggle,—a grasping after faith, an effort at resignation;—and still no word, no movement.

The door opened; one of us rose and received the fatal message, "*Wounded and in the hands of the enemy*"; and his voice sunk as he hardly whispered, "*Probably dead.*" No nobler spirit had gone out to battle than his whose sad fate was thus so fearfully foreshadowed. Idol of his home, idol of his men, he had fallen in the front, loyal to his country and loyal to his God.

How frequently all up and down the land in the past two years have these short, abrupt messages come, telling of the good, the beautiful, the honored, who have passed amid battle flame out of the life of the body into the presence of God! Scarcely a home, scarcely a heart, but has learned to quail before them.

"*Wounded and in the hands of the enemy*!" There is something these words may mean more terrible to yourselves and your truest friends than this which the telegraph tells. That tells only of what has befallen the body, of the pain, of the peril to it. You know that you are not merely bodies; that you are souls, and souls cannot die. They are that in us over which death has no power. They are that in us which ally us to God. Upon them has he breathed a portion of his own inspiration, and it is these, and not our bodies, which are said to have been made in the image of God. All this I hardly need tell you. You know it already. Yet you and I too often forget it.

Now our souls may be wounded as well as our bodies, which can be bruised by shot and shell, or cut by sword or pierced by bayonet ; and these wounds leave scars. You know the soldier who has been struck down in battle always after by that sure sign in the flesh. His scar is a token of honor. It is his pride. It may not be possible for human eyes, for our own, always to see the scar on the soul,—the sign, the token of its wound,—but God sees it, and some day we ourselves, and perhaps others, shall see it again, and not as a thing for our pride, to our honor.

What is it wounds the soul? *Sin*,—the conscious, wilful disobedience of any Divine command, the regular, persistent following up of any low desire or habit, the willing estrangement of the soul from the knowledge and service of God,—or, in a less degree, the impulsive, transient yielding to what is not honorable or truthful or pure. And these wounds are self-inflicted. They are all from within. The wounds of the body are from without, by some external foe. But no outward power can wound the soul. There is never any wound to it unless by its own consent, unless it lends its own power to assist the power of temptation. So long as you do not love the thing that tempts you, it is powerless over you ; but so soon as you begin to love it, you lend it the power of your love, and your danger begins. Before it can give you much trouble,

temptation must have an ally in the heart, and when that ally grows to a love, the temptation masters you. The strength of sin is love.

And these wounds put you in the hand of the enemy. You know the great Enemy is said to have tempted the Saviour. He did not love the things with which his enemy tempted him. They had no ally in his heart. So they were powerless. If he had loved them, yielding himself, he would have put himself into the hands of that enemy. You may be cut down, maimed, left on the battle-field, suffer nameless horrors, and yet be brought off by your comrades, and escape the enemy. But if you suffer yourself to be wounded in your soul, if you wound yourself, by the same act you fall into the hands, or rather you deliver yourself into the hands of the enemy,—into the most terrible and hopeless captivity and bondage. All that has been told us of those privations and barbarities of the prisons in Richmond, or the merciless tortures of guerillas along the Mississippi, are not so terrible. It is a fate to which you have bound yourself, for which you cannot justly blame anybody,—a fate whose full misery you cannot wholly know in this life.

Is there no help? You remember that beautiful parable about the man who fell among thieves? He lay wounded and beaten and half dead right on the highway between Jerusalem and Jericho, and

all sorts of persons must have passed him besides the priest and the Levite, whose duty it was to have stopped and comforted him. By and by came the right man, with a warm, true, tender heart. Perhaps you have known something like this. You have been wounded,—have wounded yourself. You have been in the hands of the enemy, half dead,—your life, your soul, given up, too willingly, to selfish or bad things. You have not found help from any. Men have passed you by. You have wished you could have help to lift you out of your sorry condition. You have felt if you could only have the right help you could struggle back out of the clutch of the enemy, if not away from the sear of your wounds. The right help came at last to the Jew,—there is a right help for you.

The right help is Jesus, the Saviour, the gentle and loving one, all whose life was spent in going about and doing good, seeking and saving the lost. You cannot see him. You cannot meet him by the wayside, as the woman of Samaria did; you cannot feel the wound in your body, your useless arm, or your maimed leg grow strong again at his word; you cannot hear his word of encouragement, or his assurance that your sins are forgiven; you cannot feel the wound within you healing up, as Zaccheus did when Jesus bade him come from the tree, as Magdalen did when he told her her sins

were forgiven. But there is a record of his life and words left us, and through these you can come to know him, love him, be strengthened, and saved. By a study, a long and loving and thorough study of his principles and purposes, you may get his motives and his helps, and grow into his life. You may not see or hear him, but you may get his spirit. By hearing and reading of good men, you get something of their spirit; a desire springs up in you to go and do likewise. They prompt you to better things. Much more if you will come to realize that there was such a being as Jesus of Nazareth, full of such a spirit, living such a life, will that realization be a quickening power within you, like a strong and mighty arm breaking the thrall of your bondage, standing between you and the enemy, helping you to escape in your weakness, and making you in the end strong enough to resist so that the very gates of hell shall not prevail against you.

If you are in hospital, turn the weary hours of your convalescence to some good, by seeking to know this Saviour who is so mighty in his help; if you are in camp, on guard, on picket, or on ordinary duty, seize the opportunities, which may be made many, for knowing Him who loved and gave himself for you. Out of that knowledge will grow a love beyond all loves, a power beyond all powers, which will snatch you from every enemy, and give you

healing to every wound ; and you who went out to fight the foes of your country, when you come back conquerors over them, may also come back more than conquerors over yourselves, through the knowledge and the service of Him who will give every faithful soul victory over itself.

Army Series.]

[No. 10.

TRAITORS IN CAMP.

BY

JOHN F. W. WARE.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1863.

TRAITORS IN CAMP.

EXPERIENCE has taught you that your foes are not all in the ranks of the enemy. If they were, your work would be comparatively easy. You would have only one thing to do; and, however numerous and determined and powerful, you would feel some security in advancing upon them. You would see the worst, and be prepared.

Every cause has most to fear from secret, internal opposition,—from traitors rather than from enemies. There are men so bad and mean as always to be willing to lend themselves to overthrow the thing they profess to cherish. There were traitors in the armies of the Revolution: there are traitors in the armies of to-day. And not only must the good general guard against these, but every individual soldier. A traitor in camp must be immediately exposed and expelled.

So evident is this, that I doubt not every one of you is fully on his guard, that you have no treacherous intentions yourselves, and do not mean that there shall be any among your comrades.

Though you now are soldiers, you still are men. Your great duty to your country does not override your always greater duty to yourselves. There is another warfare you are to wage beside this in which you now are enlisted,—the same old warfare which devolved on you while you were at home, in which there is no exemption, in which none is allowed to be disable, and which is never over till life is over. It is that great warfare in which we all are conscript.

In this warfare, as in that outer warfare you are now waging, the great danger does not lie in the enemy in front of you, whom you can see, whose forces are marshalled where you can attack or resist them, but in secret, internal enemies,—*traitors*. The Saviour, when he was warning his disciples of dangers and trials before them, told them that their foes would be of their own household. So the real foes to our uprightness are of our household. They are in ourselves,—of the heart.

Now I think that one reason why men do not grow any better, one reason why all their self-conflict is to so little purpose, is, that they think sin is some great thing outside of them,—some one power or presence which they are to watch, guard against, repel,—and forget too much that sin is rather a power, a presence, an affection, inside of them,—a position, a condition of the heart. The treachery of one's own heart to what it knows to

be right is the great cause of sin. There is hardly a more important warning, or one that needs more frequently to be repeated, than that contained in the last line of a verse many of you have often heard read and sung:—

“Thou tread’st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round:
Beware of all; guard every part;
But most the traitor in thy heart.”

It will not do, however, to think that there is but one traitor in the heart, one great secret foe. There are many, and in themselves they are generally small,—so small individually that we either overlook them or consider them of no importance. What possible harm can come of such little things? There is our mistake; there is our danger. It is the little foxes that destroy the vines; the little mites that eat out the strength of the strongest ship; the little sins that sap the vigor of the noblest manhood. If there were but one, and that a Goliah in the camp, which went up and down raging and boasting and challenging, we should have little to fear. Some smooth stone from our faithful arm would lay it low. But these little things do not alarm us, do not set us on the watch, do not call our prudence or principle into exercise. They lull us rather into security, and we rouse ourselves at last only to find that we are utterly, fatally, within their grasp. Perhaps, in the old

days when you were a boy in the old home, you read the marvellous story of the traveller cast on the strange shore, who, on rousing from his swoon, found himself helpless, tied to the earth by a myriad tiny threads, while a host of little people not bigger than his finger were clambering over him, and seeking to make his captivity the more sure. There he lay, a very giant, at the mercy of these pygmies, each single one of which was beneath his notice, even his contempt. That is just the way the great life in man often lies prostrate, helpless, at the uprising of a host of little things, which, watching the time when they could take him unawares, have sprung upon and mastered him. He would have been as safe as David, had he but one big foe to contend with.

It would not be easy to enumerate these small traitors in our hearts. They are very many and very various. You can easily ascertain what are your own personal sins. That is the necessity for each one of us, and it only needs a little persistence and a right courage. I want merely to point you to a class of treacheries which all of us need particularly to think of and watch against, for they do a deep mischief, from which we hardly recover. I mean that class of sins called secret, not because they are unknown to ourselves, but because they are hidden from others. You practise them, but men do not know it. There is no punishment or

shame to you, because you are not found out. If you should be in some cases, you would still escape all human censure. Some sins are so common, so popular, so all but universal, that it would be like blaming one's self to censure them ; so they escape. Are they the less sins ? Are they the less treacherous ? Is it not a great mistake of ours to think so much about what men know, approve, or condemn, and so little about what God knows ? Some secret sins, vices, leave deeper scars upon the soul than any open ones. The fact that they are secret, the necessity that is on us to keep them hid, give them a greater power over us. The hidden sin is the one we are likely specially to cosset. It is the one we are likely most deeply to love, while it works us the most deadly ill. It thrives through our love, becomes in the end our tyrant, perhaps our destroyer.

Some of these are peculiarly camp sins. The exposure is great, the giving way easy, the corruption fearful. In camp, too, you want many of the safeguards of home,— that invisible influence of home-love which embraces and shields you, and keeps you, without your knowing it, from much of the evil in the world. They have you at a vantage now, and so you must watch and work the more zealously against them, lest home shall find the man who goes back to her worse than he who went out. Shun their polluting as you

would the contagion of a disease. They lie in wait and ensnare, and then lead you very far from the way of integrity. They make wounds deep and hideous,—wounds that fester and spread, and draw the vital vigor of your manhood. Thoughts, imaginations, desires, practices indulged in secretly, are not harmful merely in what they directly do, but they carry their taint into all the intercourse of life, and make the heart, the man, unsound. He may cover all up from human vision, and none suspect the man that he is within; but the sin is not the less foul, the danger not the less deep, the injury not the less fatal. The brand Cain bore marked him among men; but without it was he not just as much known to, just as much outcast with, God?

Now all such traitors must be hunted up, branded, expelled. You can have no security till they are. You will always be weak in the presence of temptation while they remain. They will always be warring against you, sapping the integrity of your best purpose, and holding you every hour in jeopardy. It will not do to allow one to remain. It will not do to consider one as too insignificant. It is the little thing that sometimes destroys the soul,—not the great, darling sin, which men see and condemn, but some little treacherous love, which has secretly sapped the moral power, and left the man to outward seeming fair and firm

and strong, while indeed he is rotten and worthless.

“The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.”

One of the phrases which has been common in this war is, “*War to the knife, and the knife to the hilt.*” When applied to men, that seems only savagery. It shows an inveterate hatred ; it speaks of extermination ; it tells of struggle with no quarter. It is such warfare, however, every one should wage against the secret, treacherous things in himself. It is the Christian’s duty,—the way to the Christian’s victory.

Army Series.]

[No. 11.

A

CHANGE OF BASE.

BY

JOHN F. W. WARE.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1863.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

It has been the necessity, it may have been the misfortune, of our contest, that it has demanded a frequent *change of base* in the operations of its most prominent army. By many it has been made a subject of ridicule, as arguing weakness, want of foresight and plan in government or its generals. There are men who always feel so about any change. It is thought to be a symptom, a confession, either of ignorance or fickleness. This is not just. The strong man, the wise man, never hesitates to accept a change when he is convinced of its worth. It is not possible always to be wise the first time, and to continue wrong when the wrong is discovered, though you may call it consistency, is only self-will, folly, and madness. When battles have been fought, strategy exhausted, defeats suffered, when reverses have accumulated, and demoralization is threatened, when all has been done from the old base that can be, it is no weakness to desert it. To remain is sure disaster; to change, to begin again, has a large element of hope

in it. A nation, a general, a man, is greater in owning a mistake than in adhering to it.

The old base, then, must be abandoned. A change must be made. Everything demands it. And in choosing the new, the careful general, guided by past experience, will endeavor not merely to escape the peculiar difficulties, weaknesses, disadvantages, of his old position, but will seek one which shall present, at the start, most palpably, the largest element of success,—one which shall in itself inspire his men and the country with confidence,—one which shall impel all to say, at once, This last is better than the first. He must make it his last change, and the campaign from it final and complete.

Now, with many of you, as with so many everywhere, your life campaign is thus far a failure. You have not been what you ought to be; you have not done what you ought to do. You have not satisfied yourself, you have not satisfied God. When temptations have assaulted, you have skulked and run, you have laid down your arms and surrendered, or fought with so little heart that you have been defeated. When principle ordered you to the front, you have refused duty; when prudence bade you watch, you have slumbered at your post. You have been many ways unfaithful. The verdict of your own conscience is against you. You look back upon a long line of mistakes, of greater or

lesser positive wrongs and sins. At times, this troubles you. You don't like to think of life wasting so. You really want to make something better out of it, to become another man. You resolve to mend. You mend a little, but you soon fall back. And every new resolve is followed by the same experience, until you lose courage and hope, and cease all effort at reform.

What is the difficulty? The old, the common, the almost universal difficulty,—YOUR LIFE HAS HAD A WRONG BASE. You have been operating from wrong motives, principles. You have pursued wrong objects. You have had wrong desires. The whole tone of life has been low and unworthy. You have lived for self, for outward decency, for social respectability, for human approval. You have not had God and duty first. You have never laid a broad, deep, substantial, immovable foundation upon which you could build a superstructure of character and life against which floods and winds might beat in vain, which should stand siege and sap of any foe. You have only a shallow, superficial foundation, and are always in danger of a fall. Life that has not a proper base is just as sure to topple and then fall before temptation as any mere earthwork before a siege. Sumter could not have stood out so under the terrible guns of army and navy but for that deep foundation builded of granite and sunk in the bed of the river. The brick and

mortar and cotton of the superstructure alone could not avail. You may think the difficulty is in some lesser thing,—that you can save yourself some easier way. Your many defeats ought to tell you better, and that, behind all, your great trouble is your *base*.

What is the remedy? *A change of base.* Life can have no success, no glory, no honor, no worthy immortality otherwise. The great fight you are to fight will otherwise be shameful demoralization and defeat. Everything is going wrong with you from that old base, and cannot be made to go right, and you know it. You may bring up supplies, you may patch up your field-works, you may hold on a little at this pit, at that ravine, you may keep off great moral disaster, you may escape ruin, but the most you can do is to stand still in that old, unsatisfactory life, ever exposed, ever in danger. The batteries of the foe command you. From your present stand-point you can rise to nothing higher or better than you now are. You can never be victor, you can never hear the plaudit of angels, the *well done* of God. You can only be one of that host innumerable, which, with banners trailing, crestfallen, ashamed, march through the streets of the City of God toward their doom, while angels and all good avert their faces and keep their peace. It is the law that the corrupt tree shall yield the corrupt fruit. As a man is in his heart, so is he. Out of the heart are the issues of life.

A change of heart is, then, what you want,—a thorough change in motive, principle, desire, affection, conduct,—an entirely new base for the operations of life. You want to put off the old man and put on the new man. You need, like Nicodemus, to be born again. Every man does, who has not his heart and life subject to the highest laws, who does not make it his first work to seek the kingdom of God and its righteousness. You must utterly abandon the old base. Everything about it must be given up. It will not do to keep any one element of it. If you do, it will prove an element of disaster. Many men have ruined themselves so. They have made a change, but not a thorough one. They have kept and clung to some one old, darling sin, and it has been a plague-spot, festering and spreading, and taking the strength and marring the symmetry, preventing a healthy and perfect growth. When the prodigal came to himself, and felt that he must make his way back to his father's house, he did not say, "These husks have been my food, my life, I will still keep them"; but he left everything of his old, sinful life behind him. Nothing of it cleaved to him as he made his way back. His was a *thorough change of base*. The thoroughness saved him. It brought him home. It gave him his Father's welcome. Suppose, when it had been demonstrated that the Peninsula was no longer tenable as an army base, the commander had said: "There

are some good points here. There are decided military advantages in this river, that hill. Here are some fine works of mine. My men have done nobly here. I will withdraw from some parts, but I will hold these. I must change my base; but it is not worth while to be ultra, I will only partly change it"; — would not such a course have been fatally disastrous, and the army that lived to write the name of *Antietam* and *Gettysburg* on the record of national immortality have miserably wasted and perished? It was the utterness of the change that saved it, and gave it spirit for new deeds. It is the utterness of the change that will alone save man, and make him capable of the best things.

How is this change to be made? By a surrender of the whole man to the principles and laws which ruled in the life of Christ. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus the Christ." Not by any outside, mysterious pressure does such a change come, but by a man's own effort and fidelity, winning to itself the help and blessing of God. To the prodigal came the conviction that he was all wrong, that he must change. Only his inner want suggested the necessity of change,—not a here and there change, but a change of base, total, radical. Of himself he arose from his degradation, turned his back upon his riotous living, the harlots and the husks, and toiled toward his home. While he was a *great way off* his Fa-

ther saw him and ran to him. It is just so with us. While we are a great way off God comes to our help, and the work that is begun alone is finished by both. *Change your base*, commence your new operations from it, show that you are sincere, determined to persevere and to win. You will not long work alone. God not only gives his *blessing*, but lends his *help*.

There is one advantage a Christian has over a soldier,— he can carry his base with him. It is told of the rebel General Lee, that, when remonstrated with for crossing into Maryland, so far from his base, he replied, “*I shall take my base with me.*” There is the true ring to that. It is not the word of a braggart, or a desperate gambler, but the word of one who had measured and had faith in himself; and though I am glad that he failed, I shall always think the better of him for his reply. That is just what every Christian can do securely. Indeed, he is not secure unless he can. *His base must be with him.* He must at every moment have that sure power in himself by which he can act, through which he can conquer. As in his trade, or profession, or business, the man carries his base with him,— has not to stop and run back to principles and rules, to books and laws, but carries a well-digested result always, that he can refer to and rely on at the moment,— so must the man in his higher duty and life. It will not do to run back to your Bible,

to your sect, to opinions of the Church and the world, to your minister, to your chaplain, at every demand of duty or pressure of temptation. It will not do to wait till you can bring up your supplies from them. You jeopard everything so. But you must have with you, *in* you, strong, reliable, persistent, always awake, a conviction, a purpose, a faith, which you can depend on, for which no emergency is too much. So you are secure; so only are you secure.

Now is the time to make this change. If you are a good soldier, you will not put it off a day. None as a good soldier knows the necessity of promptness. No good soldier ever puts upon to-morrow what to-day should do. Accept to-day as the appointed time, and it shall bring you salvation. Victory will be yours and the life immortal.

“The present moment flies,
And bears our life away!
Lord, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.”

Army Series.]

[No. 12.

O N P I C K E T .

BY

JOHN F. W. WARE.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1863.

ON PICKET.

"JUST in from picket," was the cheery salutation, as I stood in a company street of one of our regiments of the Army of the Potomac. And the weary soldier threw aside his overcoat, placed his gun in its rack, and came and sat with me, and talked of that one place the soldier never forgets, never is weary of thinking or speaking of,—*home*.

Out upon picket, at the exposed front, on solitary watch, under momentary peril, how constant, how soothing the thought of home! If it sometimes make one sad, it oftener ennobles the man, deepens his affections, enlightens him as to his duties there, and quickens and strengthens a resolve to make that home a more blessed place when God permits him to come to it again. It happened that some years ago I put together a little book especially for the sick, and when the war broke out sent the few remaining copies to be used in the hospitals. At that terrible battle of Chancellorsville, one of those noble men whose devotion has so ennobled our struggle fell while leading his men to the assault.

Shortly after there came into my hands one of those very books I had sent out, with his name in it, all worn and soiled by exposure and use, and on the fly-leaf of it a pencilled letter to his wife, in which he spoke of it as his constant companion when he was away on picket duty, as he then was, and of the longing he always had, when he read things in it that pleased him, that he could read them aloud to her in his own home. Surely, those long, lonely, perilous hours, those dreary watches of the night, can have none so blessed relief and ministering as thoughts of home; and he is the wise man, and will be the truer soldier, who makes use of them to cement more closely the union of hearts which time and absence and circumstance should only draw closer and closer.

But picket life does not allow of continued, quiet thought. It is a time of excitement, activity, vigilance. It is near the foe, and it may be near to death. It is at a distance from relief. It requires individual energy, prudence, sagacity, courage, decision. Not only personal safety and life are at stake, but the safety of the army lying behind,—perhaps of the cause. A single indiscretion, a moment's flinching, the slightest relaxing of discipline or vigilance, may bring on terrible disaster. The commander relies upon the courage, the fidelity, the report of his pickets. They hold everything in their hands. Only the other day the

negligence of a single vidette brought about a mortifying reverse on the banks of the Rappahannock.

A soldier does not need to be told of this, you say. And yet it will do no harm to remind him of it, because soldiers have forgotten this duty,—have slept, or been surprised at their posts. They have sometimes been guilty of that very thing a soldier never should be guilty of,—neglect of watchfulness in the face of the enemy. The old Romans were, perhaps, the best soldiers the world has seen. It was sure death to a Roman to be found asleep at his post, or to be known to have left it. When the city of Pompeii came to be unearthed, there was found at the city's gate the remains of the Roman sentinel there. The city had warning of its doom. The people fled, but no order came to him, and grimly, determinedly, he stayed at his post and died, and his mouldering frame ages afterward has preached solemnly and sublimely of fidelity to trust. That dead soldier has spoken living words.

To guard against surprise, that is the great duty of the picket. It is surprise an army has most need to dread,—a watchful, ingenious, original move on the part of the enemy, upsetting all old theories of approach or assault, coming in, as Napoleon used to, just where and when and as he ought not to. If all battles were fought according to the books, if there were no scope for strategy, if

the resources of tactics were all exhausted, if all were known about the foe that would be known were he drawn up, like an old Grecian phalanx, fair and square in the open field, there could be no surprise, there could be no place for picket duty. But just the most dangerous thing to an army is the surprise a wary, accomplished antagonist may spring upon it, — not the ambush that may entrap a small body, but a concerted, combined movement that may take an exposed flank or rear, or a feebly supported centre, — that may throw itself, resistless as an avalanche, as our enemy has so often done, upon one point, when it has *seemed* attacking another. The picket becomes the vital force in the army,— the central pivot on which its safety turns. His infidelity is its destruction.

So it is that life's great danger is from surprises. There is a very large class of sins which may justly be called *sins of surprise*. They are the things we do not mean to do, do not want to do, but are always doing. They are not the worst things perhaps, not so bad as the things we do deliberately, not in themselves very large things, separately do not show any great moral obliquity or do a great amount of harm, yet their perpetual recurrence is doing great mischief to character, and bringing mortification upon ourselves, disappointment, and in the end, it may be, despair. The Apostle confessed his annoyance from this class when he said,

The evil that I would not, that I do." At times his moral vigilance grew slack, and then his enemy was upon him.

It is so with us all. You and I are constantly tripped up by some little contemptible thing, which watches its opportunity, and is down upon us, has mastered, pinioned us, and is leading us captive before we know it. You and I are every day suffering and ashamed at the facility with which we allow ourselves to be surprised into sayings, doings, feelings which in our watchful moments we would not allow for our lives. You and I a hundred times a day are off our guard, and do some unworthy deed, say some untrue thing, have some unholy feeling, are false to some duty, for no other reason, and we suffer all manner of mortification and self-condemnation, and then, next day, do very much the same things again.

Cannot we help this? I think so. The difficulty is a simple one. *We are off our guard*, and I believe it is true in the army as it is in life, that when a man is negligent of his duty, he loses, in part, his courage. He is for the time being a coward. He has lost the moral support which fidelity gives. He is no longer quick, sharp, shrewd, self-reliant. He has lost a large element in all courage; for courage is never a single thing, but has elements none of which you subtract but at a loss. The man off his guard is never reliable. The attack is unlooked

for. That disconcerts him. He cannot rally at once. He cannot collect his methods of defence. The enemy has him at a vantage. There is no withstanding him. You are down in the dust, wounded, beaten, perhaps half dead. Vigilance would have prevented this,— vigilance, which, like the eye of God, never slumbers nor sleeps. You remember that the Saviour lays his stress upon that word, *Watch*. It comes in again and again as the sum of his teaching and warning. He shows the disasters that will come if men will not watch, and I think we all feel that our great mistake, the source of our misery and our fear, is the wretched way in which we heed the Saviour's word. Even while the traitors draw nigh we sleep.

There is an instance of the way in which a man is surprised into a sin in the history of Peter. Jesus had told him that he would betray him. Peter had declared that he would not though he should die with him. We should suppose he would be on his guard. Probably his very assurance threw him off his guard. He felt that to be impossible, ceased to think about it, relaxed, gave up his watch there, went among the men in the court-yard, stood and warmed himself, perfectly at ease and self-confident, and when the maid spoke to him, utterly surprised, he denied knowing anything about his Master; then, having committed himself, he began to curse and to swear to make his first falsehood seem liker to the

truth. Peter's fault was in allowing himself to be surprised, in being off duty. His after denials were only to support the first. His first was his real sin, and that was because his self-confidence allowed him to sleep when he should have waked and watched. Our own experience is written out for us in that incident. Confident in ourselves, we forget the demands of caution, we withdraw our guards, and then comes swift, sure overthrow.

The man who maintains his watch as Christ maintained his cannot be surprised, cannot be overthrown. There is no power or wile strong enough. So he foiled the tempter, and only so he kept the mastery over him. The tempter masters us because we have not the Saviour's spirit. That is omnipotent; and once it possesses us, we through it are also omnipotent. The very gates of hell cannot prevail against us.

I think God has placed every human being on picket duty, thrown him out to the front, in the felt presence of his enemies, and bidden him *watch*. That is his one paramount duty, not to himself alone, but to others. Persistently he neglects it, he falls into error and sin. "I didn't think," "I didn't remember," "If I had only my wits about me," is his exclamation and excuse. It seems to set the matter right with himself, while his great duty was to think, to have his wits about him, to be on guard. We are able to do everything God

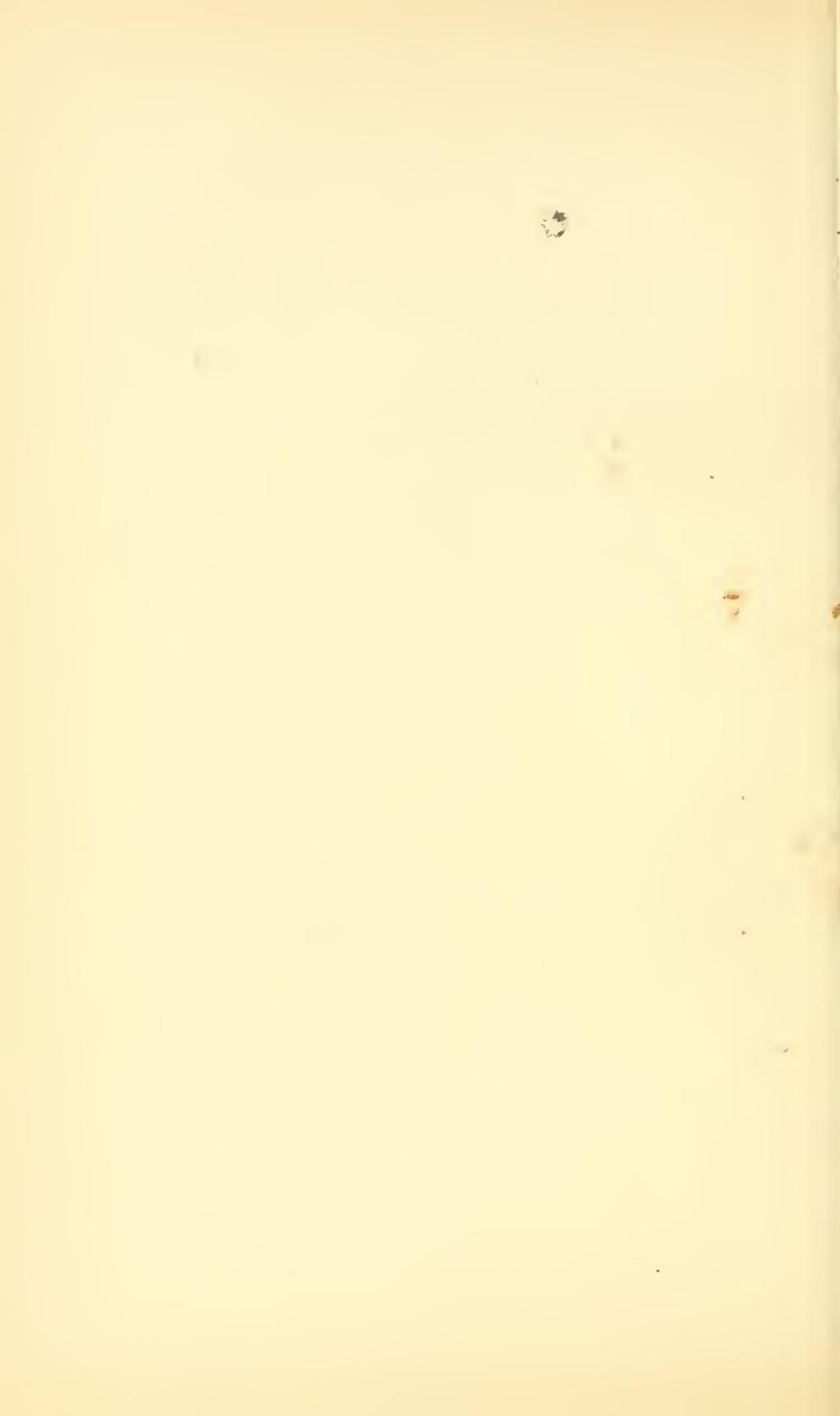
has set us to do. Failure is always only man's infidelity.

When Washington dismissed his general, St. Clair, to the charge of an army which had again and again under other leaders fallen into ambush and been defeated, his last instruction, repeated with emphasis, was, — "*Beware of a surprise.*" Yet with that warning ringing in his ears, the unfortunate general was surprised and more terribly beaten than any who had gone before. Washington well knew the country and the enemy against which his general marched. In the open field, from a visible foe, he had little to fear. It was against the surprise he needed to guard. And so we march through a country in which our virtue has little to fear so long as we are in the open fields, so long as we can see our enemy, so long as he marshals and arrays his forces in front. It is the ambush, the surprise, of which we need to beware, — the secret, sudden onslaught, not the attack that shows itself and threatens and acts deliberately and opens at long range, but the attack that springs upon us, that makes no noise, with a Zouave dash takes us on the run and uses the bayonet. This attack we are to fear, watch against; but even this is not invincible. Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of liberty. It is the price of immunity from any, every sin. Pay it, and no sin can vanquish you, no surprise disturb.

" My soul, be on thy gnard ;
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

" O watch and strive and pray !
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly day by day,
And help Divine implore.

" Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down :
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown."



Army Series.]

[No. 13.

T H E R E B E L.

BY

JOHN F. W. WARE.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1863.

THE REBEL.

WE call them rebels. And so they are. But so are we.

What is a rebel? One who unlawfully, without adequate cause, sets himself against a government established over him and acknowledged as the supreme authority. To rebel is to set your will against the will of the law or the ruler of the land. It places you outside the sympathy, the protection, of such, renders you liable to the heaviest penalties, the forfeit of your substance and your life. It makes you an outlaw, it puts a mark upon you, and sets every man's hand against you. To rebel against a bad government, for the conservation of what is right and true and legal, is to win at last your end and the approval of all good; to rebel against a good government, for the overthrow of law and order, virtue and truth, the grand elementary principles upon which human right and liberty stand, is the highest form of crime, and can only be approved of despots, or of those restless, irresponsible men all whose hope lies in anarchy and confusion.

The rebels of this country have set themselves against the best form of government on the globe, the one based on the fairest principles and aiming most earnestly for the greatest good of the greatest number. I do not say the government is perfect. It might be and it will be changed for the better somewhat. I do not say it is or has been in all respects wisely administered. I cannot shut my eyes to fraud, rapine, wrong in high places, not merely under the shadow, but under the sanction of our venerated Constitution. “When this cruel war is over,” we hope that these things will have passed.

The government is the best, the fairest, the freest, with all its faults, in itself and in its administration. And yet some millions have rebelled against and bitterly hate it, are sacrificing everything to overthrow it, and declare that they will resist to the “bitter end.” And if they hold out, the end will be very bitter.

Very wrong in these people,—very short-sighted, very ungrateful. Just see what they enjoyed under the old rule! Just see what havoc and woe they have brought on themselves! Just see what sorrow and sacrifice to us,—what confusion among the nations! Probably no nation and no great activity of the globe but feels the palsying of this great and fiendish struggle against “the best government.” What ingrates, what traitors, what villains,—worthy of the deepest hell!

But hold! “Thou art inexcusable, O man, who-soever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.” Rebels against the best government, are they? What are we,—you and I?

Surely, God’s government is best, and there is no failure in its administration, for he keeps all things in his own hand, and he is wise and good. He has made a beautiful world and put us in it, to use what we find in it for our advancement and happiness. He has made us capable of deep and rich affections, and given us those to whom these affections cling. He has given us great ambitions, desires, plans, cravings for material success and advancement, and intellectual culture and growth. He has given us dominion not only over the fowls of the air and every creeping thing, but over the elements long untamed, so that fire and air and water are not only man’s most useful but most submissive servants. He has opened his secrets, stored from eternity in the deeps of the ocean, in the bowels of the earth, in the abysses of the heaven, one by one, to man’s importunate search. He has made the earth’s surface teem with plenty, and the race constantly to advance in prosperity and civilization. And to leave nothing undone, lest man should think he was alone and first, and so become a law unto himself, or might fear that he was alone, and grope

feeble after some support, He has revealed himself and perfected the knowledge of his will, by sending his only Son to us, and letting that Son suffer and die for our good. That is God as he is to man. That is what God has done for man. Under such a rule and such a ruler we live and move and have our being.

And we have *rebelled!* That is the return we have made the good God. Just what the children of the Hebrews did in the wilderness when they made the golden calf, just what the Jews did all through their troublous history, just that have we done who have had the greater enlightenment of the truth as it is in Jesus. We are rebels against the Divine authority. We have set up another will to rule over us than his. We serve another law. We have, in act, declared we will not have him to rule over us. We are in conscious, willing, wilful opposition to him, giving our allegiance and our love elsewhere,—not helping God carry out his plans, but doing all we can to check them.

And this just as much, just as truly, just as fatally, as if we had passed a formal decree of separation. It does not affect the fact, that you and I still profess allegiance, if we are all the time doing that which shows we have none. To-day there are those loud in their professions of loyalty to the Constitution and the country, but they are rebel at heart. Rebel at heart is every man who does not

give himself, in the love of a child, to the service of God. Rebel at heart is every man whose word and life show that there is any law with him other, higher than God's law. How many of us are there who, taking the loyalty of Jesus as the standard, can say that we are loyal too, loving God with all our strength and all our mind?

Now, we propose to *subjugate* those in arms against their country. It is a word a great deal of fault is found with, but it is the thing we mean to do. That is, as the word signifies, we mean to bring them under the yoke, the mild and easy yoke of the "best government in the world." That we shall do, or we shall do nothing. That is the condition of peace. To that end the marching of armies, the thunders of fleets, the building of monitors, the forging of monster cannon, the ceaseless activity, the vigilant energy of rulers and leaders, the patriotism and sacrifices of the people.

God proposes to subjugate his rebels,—to bring them under the mild and easy yoke of his best government. He means to break this self-sufficient pride, this trust in the things made, this distrust of the unseen. But his way is not our way. It is not with terrible engineries, with sweeping destruction, with famine, disease, and pain. It is not with vengeful purpose, with passion, with outraged dignity. He waited and tried men long, and then sent his Son, with not even a bitter message, but with the

tenderest assurances of love, only asking of man love again. Still he waits and tries us. He fills our days with blessings. Our cups run over. He strives to win us. Beauty, plenty, joy, and gladness troop about us and crown our lives, while the very severities, the experiences, the disciplines, how bitter soever at the time, leave enduring sweetness with those who take them as from an Infinite love. They all,—joy and sorrow, success and reverse, exemption and discipline,—are God's efforts at subjugating us, bringing us under his yoke, breaking our rebellious spirit, and leading us back to our allegiance.

Are you going to resist to "the bitter end"? Is that your plan? Is that your madness? What will you gain? God is the great power, and if you do not now yield to him, there is a by and by in which you shall know your folly, where the worm does not die and the fire is not quenched. You do not mean to be so obdurate. You mean before you die to come back to him. Though you do not live loyally, you will die loyal. Do not count on that. Lay down your arms to-day. Give up all rebellious thought and conduct. Renew your allegiance. Come under the yoke, and find its ease, and know, while you are well and strong, before the evil days come, the great, abiding peace which belongs in undisturbed possession to that man whose every way is ordered and every desire determined by his fidelity to God.

“ Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to Thee:
Father, O more than Father, thou
Hast always been to me!

“ Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

“ That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
A principle of faith,—

“ Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.”



Army Series.]

[No. 14.

TO THE COLOR.

BY

JOHN F. W. WARE.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1863.

TO THE COLOR.

THE soldier's pride is his country's flag. There is a magnetic, mysterious power in that to touch and rouse him which nothing else has. It nerves him to the loftiest deeds, and his own death is better than its disgrace.

What is a flag? It is a piece of cloth or silk painted or woven with some device. In itself it is only that,—a painted cloth. But, soldiers, you never think of that. You would spurn him who should stand before you and say that of your *flag*, and ridicule you for your devotion to it.

And it is something more than a piece of cloth. The moment that it wears the device, the emblem, chosen as your country's symbol, it is forever another thing. Wherever the eye sees it, it blesses it, and whenever the need shall be, the man will die for it.

It has always been so with all people. One of the first things in national existence has been the selection of some symbol which should stand as the type of the country, which should concentrate the

affection and devotion of the people, and be recognized and respected as the nation itself. The Roman had the eagle, the Mussulman the crescent, France the *fleur-de-lis*, England the red cross, America the stars and stripes. Wherever these are seen, they are recognized as the nation. They are not only the sign of its presence, but the token of its power. They are saluted as the crowned head would be, and to insult them is to insult the dignity, the supremacy, of the ruler or people themselves. Rend or trample or pull down a national flag, and it sets every nerve to quivering, every heart and brain on fire, and rouses every man to resent an injury that is more than personal. You surely have not forgotten how it was when the flag on Fort Sumter fell!

The flag is the centre about which your line of battle rallies. Upon it your battalions form. When it advances, and "*To the color!*" is beat, you know that in order of company you are to take your place at its side. In the battle it is as your guiding star. Where it goes, you go. While it waves aloft, it cheers and animates you; when it wavers, you know the hour for prompt and desperate energy is come. When it falls, then men die, and count their own lives nothing if they may save it. There are no deeds of high daring and self-sacrifice like those around an imperilled flag. The rally cry for it is the shout that makes a giant and a hero of each,

and where it has not become wholly impossible, it restores the desperate fortunes of the day. It is said that Sir Charles Napier, in his war in the Scinde, found himself in the presence of a horde of native robbers who had been unsubdued for six hundred years. "They dwelt in a crater-like valley, surrounded by mountains, through which there were but two or three narrow entrances, and up which there was no access but by goat-paths, so precipitous that brave men grew dizzy and could not proceed." It was necessary to dislodge them, but the service was too hazardous, and volunteers were called for. One hundred men sprang to the front. They were of a native Bengal regiment which had lately been disgraced for mutiny, and their colors taken from them. Soldiers, you know what such disgrace must be! The commander knew how to touch their hearts. "Soldiers of the Sixty-fourth! your colors are on the top of yonder hill!" What were precipices and dangers and deaths to them as they swept toward the crest and won there the coveted prize?—At that terrible assault on Wagner, where a raw black regiment was put at the front, and received its baptism of fire and of glory, the regimental flag as it fell from the hands of its bearer was caught by a comrade, and by him carried through all that fearful night. The next day, as he was brought in, bleeding, to the hospital, the flag still grasped in his feeble hand, every soldier white or black, lifted

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himself from his bed, and cheer upon cheer saluted him. "Boys," said he, "I have only done my duty, but the *dear old flag never touched the ground!*" I do not ask the color of that man. He was a hero. His deed, his words, are among the immortal things of the war. And what a power there must be in a flag, when it wakes such sentiment, such devotion, in one of a despised, inferior race, who may, possibly, have been beneath its folds — *a slave!*

But, soldiers, glorious as all this devotion to the flag, ennobling as it is, there is another symbol that ought to be dearer to us, and call out even more of the spirit of reverence and self-sacrifice. The flag symbolizes your country, and all that is dear and hopeful in it. But the *cross* symbolizes the Christian faith, and it ought to inspire with a deeper love and hope. You owe it your first allegiance. You were called to be soldiers of it, before you were called to defend the flag. Your service to the one ends with the present peril. You return to your homes, to your old duties. You are soldiers, defenders of the flag, only for the occasion. Your service to the other is never done. It is not to-day's work, or to-morrow's work, but life's work. It is a warfare from which there is no release but death. Just as much as the Apostle said he was, is each one of you, "set for the defence of the Gospel." There is something you can do and you ought to do for the cross, for the flag of the Chris-

tian faith. It ought to fill you with an ardent love, it ought to inflame you with unfailing zeal, its interests, its success, its defence, ought to be every man's first thought and purpose. For we owe everything to the cross. If the flag of our country condenses and expresses all that our country is to us, has done for us, so the cross condenses and expresses all that the life, the words, the love of Jesus have done for us; and they have done everything. They changed the face, the power of the old; under them everything is become new.

Are you a loyal soldier of the cross? Do you love it and proclaim your love by the purity of your life? Do you defend it when bad men attack it with their lips or scorn it by their deeds? Do you rally about it in its dangers? Are you ready to die for it rather than see it trampled on and desecrated? Have you the spirit of Paul, who gloried in it and counted it his great joy and honor to die for it? Have you the love of martyrs who, in dungeons, at stakes, upon scaffolds, under persecutions and obloquy, have suffered for it? Would you to-day offer yourself to a forlorn hope for its rescue with the same calm, determined resolve you would mount "the imminent deadly breach" for the honor of your flag? If you knew it were in deadly peril, would you give your all for it? I have seen the enthusiasm with which you have received your colors as you left home, and went out, consecrated, to battle.

I have felt your resolve within myself, as the hallowed ensign fluttered in the breeze, and lifted up all eyes and nerved all hearts. Should some one advance to-day and lift the cross above your serried ranks, and intrust it to your keeping, would it receive such homage, rouse such resolve? I know what music does in camp and field. I have marked men when some patriotic strain fell on their weariness or depression. The faltering ranks have been re-strung to power and valor as the "*Star-Spangled Banner,*" or "*Rally round the Flag, Boys!*" has caught their ear, and the music has given them the victory. Were some one to chant to you to-day sweet songs about the cross, of him who died upon it, of the Father he revealed, and the new life he laid before us, should you become all glowing with new desire, and spring into the great conflict with sin and self, so armed, so shielded, so resolved, that the crown of the victor would be yours? These are questions to test yourself by, to gauge your loyalty with; and if it be that you love your flag, your country, better than the cross, your Saviour,—if your loyalty to it stand before your loyalty to God,—no matter how true and faithful your service to the one, have you not failed, are you not recreant in that first duty and loyalty which is owed the other?

Rally round the cross, boys! It is in peril. This nominal allegiance is more harmful to it than open

treachery. Decent men as much as bad men injure it. Every wrong life, every wrong act, every low passion, every evil habit, every selfishness, is an injury to it. You can do something to help it. Show amid the temptations of the camp that you own allegiance to the principles of the Gospel, resist all evil, do every duty, neglect not prayer, feel the presence of, submit yourselves to, the law of God; mark this period of your life, so grand in its opportunity for all good, by the solemnity and entireness of your devotion to the cross, the symbol, the standard of faith; become a good soldier of the cross, let men see that nothing can lure you from the love and service of it, and it will not only be lifted up, you will not only be safe, but others will be made better, and there will be joy in heaven. That fidelity you give your country, give your God. Before the flag plant the cross, and in that conquer.

“In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

“Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.”

“HARK! ‘tis a martial sound!

To arms! ye saints, to arms!

Your foes are gathering round,

And peace has lost its charms:

Prepare the helmet, sword, and shield;

The trumpet calls you to the field!

“No common foes appear

To dare you to the fight,

But such as own no fear,

And glory in their might:

The powers of darkness are at hand;

Resist, or bow to their command!

“An arm of flesh must fail

In such a strife as this;

He only can prevail

Whose arm immortal is:

’T is Heaven itself the strength must yield,

And weapons fit for such a field.

“And Heaven supplies them too,

The Lord, who never faints,

Is greater than the foe,

And He is with his saints:

Thus armed, they venture to the fight;

Thus armed, they put their foes to flight.

“And when the conflict’s past,

On yonder peaceful shore

They shall repose at last,

And see their foes no more:

The fruits of victory enjoy,

And nevermore their arms employ.”

Army Series.]

[No. 15.

THE RECRUIT.

BY

JOHN F. W. WARRE.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1864.

THE RECRUIT.

You have not forgotten the time when you were a recruit, a raw recruit. You did not become one without a struggle. There was much to be gone through, much to be thought of. To draw the line between the demands upon you, to strike the balancee, was no easy thing. On the one side was inclination, on the other was duty, perhaps a conflict of duties. Home, its pursuits and affections, bade you stay; your country, her perils and honor, bade you go. There were the hopes and plans of a lifetime to be set aside; parents and wives and children to be thought of, provided for; everything you loved to be left. Behind were the prizes of the heart; before, every uncertainty, privation, suffering, possibly death. You have not forgotten the fearful struggle, nor the hour when, at last, your mind made up, you turned your back on home, forsook your place and duties as a citizen, and in a strange garb offered yourself to your strange vocation. Did you ever experience a sensation like that when you first realized that you were a recruit?

What a mystery seemed to you then the intricacy of military movements. Should you ever become a soldier? Would any amount of drill make easy, familiar, natural, the things you tried to do with such difficulty and conscious awkwardness? What a marvel to you of the "awkward squad" was the dress parade, the manual, the movements by company and by battalion! Should you ever get your "facings," manage that "right-about," that "load in nine times," ever remember to keep that "left foot" always to the front? Do you not smile sometimes as you look back at those first efforts, and wonder that you should ever have been so perplexed about that which has become as a second nature, now that you feel, as a young friend told me he did, as if you had never been anything but a soldier?

You have given yourself as a recruit in one service: I want you now as a recruit in another. It is a better service, its rewards are greater and more sure, its victories are more complete, and the peace that follows can never be broken.

A better service! How can that be? I have entered the service of my country. I have given my all to her. I am pledged to stand by her even with my life. And my country! to the world, to me, she is the type of freedom. In her earliest days she proclaimed the great gospel of *liberty*. It is that which we of the army to-day proclaim anew,—that which we will establish once and forever, or we will die. Can I be in a better service?

Yours is indeed a noble service, but I ask you to enter a nobler. You have done well so far. I would ask you to do better. You have sacrificed much. I would ask you to sacrifice more. There is a service,—you know what one I mean,—and it wants recruits. Shall it not have you for one?

I know it is not an easy thing to be a soldier of the cross. I know that a great many men are deterred from enlisting under it by the difficulties which meet them at once, by demands so unlike those they meet in life, by duties so much more exacting, and burdens so much more heavy. When men are asked to become religious, they almost always draw back. It seems too difficult. How shall they ever get those things,—faith, a habit of prayer, resignation to another will, a love for God, for Christ, a hope, a desire, for heaven? Perhaps it is so with you. You hear men talk about certain beliefs, about certain results, about pleasure in certain exercises and duties, and you see, too, that they do not merely talk, but have in themselves, very prominent and strong, certain things you know nothing about. You would like to, but how are you ever to do it? How shall you begin? When you have begun, how are you to be at ease in such new work and society?

Have you forgotten your experience as a recruit? While you merely looked on, it seemed impossible for you to master the intricacies of manual and evolution, but the moment you were in the ranks,

heartily at work on the problem, its solution began to come, and you were amazed to find yourself with such ease and rapidity advancing "in the school of the soldier."

The recruit in this better service will have a like experience. Stand outside, merely look on, and nothing is more impossible, unreal. Enlist, set yourself at work heartily to learn. I do not say that the things of a holy life—experiences, powers, peace, which are the privileges of the mature Christian—shall at once be yours; but this, that the light begins to dawn, it fringes the horizon of your endeavor, and perseverance will bring about and establish the noon of unclouded attainment. The recruit will grow to the veteran. Do not say that you do not get ahead. Do not get discouraged. Do not throw down your arms. You have labored days at the manual, weeks at the bayonet-drill. You had to keep at it. You gained very slowly. Little by little, through patience, experience, discipline, you have got this facility of handling your arms and yourself. By these you have become a soldier of your country, and by the same things are you to become a soldier of the cross.

And what are the things necessary to the soldier of the cross, which to the recruit seem so hard to attain?

1. *Faith.* That is the first thing. The Saviour always asked for it first. If the man had it, then he

went on to do the miracle, then he told him he was forgiven, then he assured him he was not far from the kingdom. He did not expect of him at once that complete faith which only a long experience gives; but a belief in what he told him, and a purpose to do as he commanded. A thorough faith would in time grow out of that.

Now it is a very simple thing, and not so very difficult, to have faith. Men have been made to think that it was some great mystery, and they must go through certain processes before they could have it. They were not to get it in any natural way, but by some strange, unusual methods. It was something to be sent you, not something you were to get yourself. But faith is a thing you have been having ever since you were born. You had it before you knew it, so soon as your mother's smile showed you that she was your dearest friend. You had it all the way through your childhood, in your parents, in your teachers, in your elders. Every day of life, in all your intercourse with men, you have been obliged to exercise it. You have it to-day in your commander, in your cause. It lies at the bottom of all your doing in life, only you have not exercised it toward the great Unseen Being. All you want is to lift up the same feeling till it can lay hold upon God. You want to have the same trust, confidence, in Him that you had in your mother, that you have in man, only it needs to be without drawback, and

multiplied by infinity. Even mothers with their dear love mistake, and men of noblest purpose sometimes fail, but there is neither failure nor mistake with God.

That is what you want to do at first,—to say with all your heart, “Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief;” that is, take every weakness out of my faith, and make it strong and complete. Then, when this is obtained, it will begin to work. You will find yourself gradually getting new light, new strength, new desires, dropping the habits and wishes of the old life, and putting on what the Apostle calls “the new man.” Life after the Master grows from this as the fruit from the seed, and it obeys the same law,—first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

2. It is just so about prayer. Men shrink from it, do not know how to take hold of it, because they think it something one side, beyond all their experience. But it is not so. They have been asking all their lives, and asking because they wanted, and expected to obtain by the asking. It is doing to God just what you used to do every day at home to your father and mother. Prayer is simply asking God what you want, with the conviction that he will give it to you if it is best for you. That is just the spirit in which you asked at home. It is the simplest, easiest thing in the world. Many think they cannot pray unless they use precise and formal

language, unless they are on their knees, or by themselves, or in a church, unless they use certain forms, and a certain length. It is not so. Did you ever repeat to your mother that little verse which John Quincy Adams repeated every night through his long life,—

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep”?

Do you remember the Lord’s Prayer? These two have probably been repeated more times than any other prayers. Every day God hears them from almost myriad lips, and blesses as he hears. These are not long or formal. No prayer that the Saviour offered was. What prayer could say more, or show a deeper love for man or confidence in God than his last,—“Father, forgive them; they know not what they do”? The Prodigal’s prayer,—“Father, I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy son”; the Publican’s,—“God be merciful to me a sinner,”—prove how unlike the formal prayers men deem it necessary to make are the effectual, fervent prayers that avail. All you need is to have a want, to feel that God can help you, to ask him, in the shortest, simplest way, anywhere, at any time. When you become an older Christian, prayer will become something more, lead you further, lift you higher, than it can now. You know that is the law with everything. Aim first at simple, brief petitions. Ask, nothing doubting. That is prayer.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high."

3. I suppose it will specially trouble you to do right, to turn away from old follies and habits and sins, and lead such a life as you know you ought to, as you know God requires. Well, that is a pretty hard thing to do, but not half so hard as you think, if you will only be in right down earnest about it. Earnestness is half a battle. The determination to conquer is half the victory, and if it be true, as the proverb says, "It is the first step which costs," then the other half is the easier.

I think I have one piece of advice which may possibly help you. Don't undertake too much at once. Don't expect to overcome all the wrong in you at a dash. Understand that it is going to be a long work with you,—a life-long work,—and begin deliberately and to go on resolutely. Do as you would in a siege. Make your approaches, establish your parallels, start your sap, trust in little steady gains, rather than in assaults. I should say that the best thing you could do would be to form a general resolve to quit all old wrong ways, and grow into all good ones, and then pay special attention to some one at a time. Get it thoroughly out of the way and then go to the next. For instance, if you are a profane man, take hold of swearing first. Watch yourself in every other direction, but let

your first, special attention be given here till the habit is gone. So you will see some gain. You know it is better to concentrate your fire than to scatter it. If a man once sees a habit fairly down, something definite done, he takes courage. He finds out what he can do, and presses on to further victories, while a general purpose of reform, or an equal attack on all his sins at once, will show, and probably make little real gain.

This is the way in which I would advise you to begin, no more expecting to be an accomplished Christian at once than the recruit expects to be an accomplished soldier at once. Gradually, and through patient effort, the better life will grow upon you, and these things which seem now so strange, so difficult, will become easy and familiar.

There is one grand help to this. When you first enlisted I dare say you bought a manual — Casey, perhaps — and set yourself down to make yourself a soldier by studying that. What a hopeless task that was! You could hardly do the simplest thing by it. But after you got into the ranks, and had some little experience, you went back to your Casey, and it was a new book and a great help. The Christian recruit will find a similar experience. If he sits down with his Bible, and expects to study himself into a Christian, he will grow gray and make no advance. The Saviour teaches better. He says, "If any will do his will, he shall know of the

doctrine"; that is, let a man set to work to do what is right, and that very effort will explain to him his duties,—not doctrines, the tenets of a creed, but the things to be taught him, the great demands of life. Every man finds it so,—that doing strangely explains and simplifies the Divine Word, and that he can go to it from his own experiences, however crude, and find that a very lamp to his feet which, prior to his experience, had been only darkness. So do not expect reading your Bible to make you a Christian; do not expect merely your own efforts to make you a Christian; but work and read, work and pray. Let the book help your effort, let the effort help the book, and you will find these two working in harmony, each supplementing the other, together making that power which shall ransom you from the thrall of evil, and elevate you into the coveted, holy life.

Have, then, no despair. Have patience; toil, wait. The soul that is but a recruit to-day shall receive reward as the conquering veteran hereafter.

Army Series.]

[No. 16.

A FEW WORDS WITH THE CONVALESCENT.

BY

JOHN F. W. WARE.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1864.

A FEW WORDS WITH THE CONVALESCENT.

SICK FRIENDS AND DEAR FRIENDS:—

I have a long time wanted a quiet talk with you, for I cannot help thinking much and often of those quiet, brave, and patient men I have so many times seen in the hospitals,—suffering not only from disease and wounds, but from the absence of home and all its endearments and comfort,—things which the best-regulated hospitals, the most faithful attendants, the most skilful surgeons, and all the marvellous forethought and liberality of government, the Sanitary Commission, and other less and nameless charities, cannot supply. I have thought you needed some special home word of comfort and cheer. I have waited for some one else to speak it. I cannot wait longer.

If sickness be hard to bear, very much harder is this condition of yours,—the neutral ground between sickness and health, the long, dreary interval which stretches so uncertainly and with hope

often deferred between the subsiding of disease and the going out to life again. There is a power in active disease which soon convinces a man that it is useless for him to struggle, that his best wisdom is quietly to submit, and let disease have its way. He is held down to his bed ; his doctor, his nurse have him under subjection. He cannot rebel. He must obey. Besides, the sick man soon becomes reconciled to his bed. It is the only relief to his languor or his pain. He comes to say of it what Sancho once said of sleep : Blessings on the man who invented a bed.

But convalescence is a different thing. Active disease has passed away, and the hope of health has taken its place. The doctor has ceased his medicines, the bed is no longer our one place of abode. We are beginning to move about. Other people lose much of their interest and sympathy, for danger is over. Their thought is no longer detained by our condition. They turn to something else. We are left to ourselves, to our own resources. At the time we want and should prize attentions we are deprived of them. Weakened in mind, as body, we become easily depressed. We chafe at the lagging hours. We constantly put ourselves back by our efforts to get forward. We become peevish, discontented, unreasonable, despondent, uncomfortable to ourselves, uncomfortable to those about us. Our peculiar natural infirmities come out

with exaggerated power, and show now the tyrants they really are. We do not get much charity. Our best friends find it hard to get along with us, and our convalescence drags its slow, unhappy length along, the body weak and weary, the mind not yet adjusted to its balance, the heart sick with its hopes deferred, the whole man a discomfort to himself, and a puzzle or a plague to those about him. He must be a very rare character who can pass through the tedium of convalescence with honor and self-respect.

If all this be true of ordinary convalescence,—convalescence at home, surrounded by all its cares and loves and protections,—how much more true must it be in the army hospital, where each man is only one of a crowd, where each is separated from the sympathy and consideration of home, where whims and weaknesses and ill-temper can have little attention and less forbearance, where all the discomfort of his position is aggravated by absence, and that sickly yearning for home, itself worse than disease.

Now do not think that this state of yours is not recognized by friends at home. It is not one they can reach or do anything directly for, but if there be anything in sympathy, anything in appreciation of service, anything in pity for suffering, anything in good-will and prayer, you have them all. They are not things tangible to the sense, it is true, as the

delicacies are which find their way to your sickly appetite sometimes, or the tender look, word, act you long for; but they are the tribute, the genuine, generous tribute, of warm hearts,— all that the circumstances will allow us to give and you to receive. Men who judge of everything by their senses may call all this nothing. But it is not so. The unseen forces are the most vital and effective. They are the powers behind the act. These sentiments keep you before our thought; they keep us not only alive to the demands, but the sufferings of the hour. They cannot remove every pain or delay, prevent all mistake or abuse, give you what home only can; but there is not a hospital ward in the land where their influence is not felt, nor a wounded soldier on the field that they do not reach. What is this blessed, all-embracing charity of the Sanitary Commission,— not omnipotent, indeed, but almost omnipresent,— what are lesser associated and private charities, but the expression of feelings which pervade the homes and the hearts of the land? What are they but the combining together and bringing to your relief of those unseen things which men are apt to scoff at and consider as merely *feelings* and *words*, but thus, by their fruit, become tangible and blessed *things*.

Throw off, then, the despondency which is so apt to settle upon the convalescent because he thinks himself out of the pale of sympathy. It is not so.

Never were men so surrounded and embraced by the holiest sympathy as you; never did charity so beautifully exemplify the sweetness and the breadth of her spirit; never did the wealth and good-will of a people so overflow as to-day it does toward you, as it will till this "cruel war is over," and you are again in the old homes, filling your old places there, and felt again as neighbors and citizens,—soldiers no more. You are heroes to us, as well as those who lie on the field of honor. You are soldiers and men, and all suffering of the hospital, as of the field, is heroic. It is true, and shame that it should be true, that there are some who are so wholly led away by the sound of things that they do not recognize your service or feel for your need. It is true that some are dazzled more by rank than by merit; that the accident of a wound is more to them than the fact of a disease; that a dainty officer on crutches, or with an empty sleeve, will carry their applause, while the sick private may want the merest decencies of charity. Shame that it should be so; yet there are such men and women, and only now, in a New England town, the whole neighborhood turned out to welcome a wounded officer, while a poor, sick soldier, of the same town, returning by the same train, was permitted to crawl away by himself to his home, and die there two days after. Myself, I once met on a crowded steamboat a gaudily dressed

Zouave, in uniform that had never seen the smoke of battle, upon costly crutches, with a ball through the fleshy part of his leg, the observed of all observers, the recipient of flattering attentions from all around him, while a poor, dying private, the most pitiable of sights, told me that in all that crowd he had been indebted to the help of a woman to get his valise on board! Yes, such things are. Believe me, they are not common. They are the exception. The real men and women of the land, those whom you would value, are not deceived by the fiction of rank or show. They do not gauge and dole their charities that way. The real interest, the true love, the reliable judgment of home, centres upon her braves wherever they are, whatever their condition, their rank, their suffering. Cheer up, then, and do nothing to forfeit the goodwill and the earnest sympathy of home.

The general spirit of cheerfulness pervading our hospitals has been a frequent matter of comment and surprise. I have found it the same everywhere. But the very men who were cheerful in bed, or in the earlier stages of recovery, become despondent as the long, dull weeks roll on with their wearing monotony, while they make no substantial gain. I do not wonder at it. It is hard when one is at home, and has everything done for him, to keep up the tone of the spirit. It is hard to feel the active world in which you have had a

part, in which you have taken part, passing on, absorbed in its pursuits, while you are laid by as a useless thing, your place filled, yourself forgotten. But this is inevitable, and it is not manly to yield to any despondency. That is a feeling which must be guarded against. It is a terrible, an insidious foe. It strikes at your manhood. It saps your courage and your self-respect. It lets you down, it degrades you in your own eyes. It tempts, it leads you into forbidden things. You become morose and peevish, unreasonable and complaining. Our homes are flooded with reports that have come from men in this condition, doing a gross injustice to the kindly efforts of those about them, making the home unhappy, and casting suspicion on the purest charities, and threatening to stop the source of supply.

One of the worst forms this spirit of despondency assumes, and one you must guard specially against, is the loss of self-respect. It is all over with a man when it comes to that. It is no use for him to hope or to contend. In losing that he loses all. He is like the man who loses his grasp at the brink of a precipice. His fall is inevitable and fatal. God gave us as an instinct, a saving power, this self-respect, and we should all guard it as his gift and our hope of salvation. I know how it is with you. You left home with high hope. You were going to do something for your country, but here you are. You can't get home, you can't go

back to the field, you can't get well. Very discouraging it is, indeed. The people about you don't realize how discouraging it is. Government can't stop to think about it, surgeons and nurses have no time for you. They only see diseases in the flesh,—disease in the spirit is not within their province. Strangers do not think much about you. Their sympathy is with the sick. The chaplain does something, and kind, thoughtful people do what they can by sending you books and other means of occupation. But these are after all only pebbles against the swell and sweep of the deep, dark current, which the gloomy, lengthening days only make deeper and darker. Every true man and woman feels how hard it is for you, and thanks God that they have not such a discipline. But, hard as it is, don't give up your manhood. Hold on to your self-respect. Do not stoop to anything as a present relief which will afterward make you ashamed. Do not desert any principle, do not yield to or form any bad habit, but summon all your courage,—courage which has stood you in such good stead in many a trial hour before,—and resolve to bear patiently till the brighter hour comes.

Some of the saddest things I have seen in hospitals have been the signs that weary convalescence was telling on the men in this way, and they were losing heart. I have seen men out on leave, stag-

gering toward the hospital again,—sick men, wounded men, crippled men. It was a sad, sad sight. It said that they were losing self-respect. For is there anything that takes that pearl of price from a man quicker? That which makes a drunkard's ease so hopeless is that you have no self-respect to work on. It is clean gone. I have seen many sad sights in my day, but I think no sadder than a man, in a uniform which showed him to be an American soldier, *drunk*. I cannot help a certain respect for that uniform wherever I meet it, and the more I respect it the more am I grieved when I see it disgraced.

I know that another thing troubles you. You feel that you are privates, and the manner of your officers and of some foolish persons, and the needed discipline of service, leads you to think that a private, especially a sick private, is of no account, a useless encumbrance every one would be glad to have well out of the way. I want to assure you of one thing. It is the private soldier for whom these immense hospitals all through the land have been constructed,—for whom the Sanitary Commission, with a wisdom the world never dreamed of before, is toiling, for whom a charity that never slacks is giving, for whom the busy hands and hearts of the women and children of the land are daily and hourly not only working, but saving. Your officers do not always enough consider what we never forget,—that

the private in this war is a man from the home, always their equal, often their superior. If they abuse their authority, as they sometimes do; if they are cruel in their neglect, and make you trouble by their ignorance; be sure the home knows it and remembers it, and when their brief authority is over, and they are on the simple level and equality of manhood again, all this will return with fearful usury upon them. Try to bear all to-day. You have trials and privations, hardship, and sometimes injustice. But keep a good heart. The man who bears up, works his way through things that break the man who gives up.

It is hard to be laid aside, to feel that the neglect of company officers deprives you of your pay, and your families of their support, that the strange delay in the department deprives you of your furlough or discharge. It is hard even to suspect that you are considered of no moment, now that you can no longer serve. All this we at home know and realize. But it will never do for you to lose your just pride, your brave heart,—never do to give up. You are soldiers. You bear the scar of service. The disease, the wound, the disability, is a badge of honor. Every true heart recognizes it. You have borne up under the trials and disasters of the field. With indomitable will you have overcome the difficulties before and about you. You have not quailed under the call of duty. Why quail now? Why

lose heart? Why not be as brave, as persistent? The end is as desirable as the victory upon the field. The end is to keep your manhood, your integrity, to keep from slipping into the power of low things. Camp and field have made you heroes. The hospital must not make you recreant and coward.

You see by what I say that I have no idea that the uncomfortable things attending convalescence must be tamely submitted to. I cannot agree with a wise friend of mine, who says "that one of the chief duties of a sick-room is to forget duties, lay aside responsibilities, and so rest the will. We are not under law in sleep, nor are we in sickness." I think we are under law in sickness. The sick-room, the hospital ward, has its duties. Not the gravely sick, it is true, can be held to much duty, to none of the old duty of active life, but the period of convalescence — the most trying period of sickness — has its duties, and they should not be evaded. You must summon yourselves to the discharge of them. It is no excuse that they are hard. No good soldier urges that in health, when any duty or any superior commands. He obeys. The hardness is a stimulant. So much the better soldier is he if he succeed; so much the greater honor. No good soldier should hesitate now. The duty of obedience is as great. The thing at stake is as vital. His own comfort, character, self-respect, are concerned.

Let him lose these, let him be poltroon, let him yield, go back from the hospital to the field or the home a poor, pitiless, abject, spiritless man, and all the honor he may have got on the battle-field is of little avail.

Patient waiting is perhaps the hardest thing a man ever does. It is many times the only thing he can do. It is the only thing many of you can do. What good will it do for you to fret, to rebel, to kick the pricks? An inexorable necessity compels you to wait. It will not let you act. You are bound hand and foot. There is no help for it,—nothing you can do. Your wisdom is to wait quietly.

Suffering friends! in all your suffering remember the oversight, the watchful care of the good Father. He doeth all things well. Not a sparrow falls without him. Fear not, despair not. Through this way may you enter your glory. The glory that comes of man fades, but the glory of God is perennial. Though men desert and decry you, though they withdraw sympathy and charity, though the love of home grow cold, and you become forgotten, outcast and alien, yet will not He cast you off, while you accept his burden and bear his yoke. But home and all honorable men will never do that. They still cherish and hope and pray for you. Disappoint them not. Keep fast by your integrity. Maintain your manliness. Bear as patiently as you have

done nobly, submit as obediently to God's will as of old to your general's command, and it must end well with you. You may never come to health of body here, but you must come to health of soul, which shall make all right in the hereafter!

Army Series.]

[No. 17.

THE RECONNOISSANCE.

BY

JOHN F. W. WARE.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1864.

THE RECONNOISSANCE.

WHAT a queer word that is! How do you pronounce it? I don't find any two men together who pronounce it the same way. It is one way in the army, where you know what the thing is, and it is another way at home, where the word rather confuses us about the thing. What was the need in having the thing called that way? Why can't we, who have a good, masculine, hearty native tongue of our own, stick to it, and not go about the world over beating up and engraving foreign words and phrases, and treating them with a little more deference than we do our own? I believe in loyalty to my mother tongue as fully as in loyalty to my mother land. General Dix has been much applauded because he gave the order to shoot any man who should haul down the American flag. I wish somebody had the power to give such an order against any one who hauls down the American language. Is not a language a part of, does it not represent, nationality as well as a flag? What an absurdity it is to be obliged to call one of our most

stirring songs, which was written and intended to be national, by that outlandish name, *Viva l'America!* Was there ever a greater insult to the good sense, the patriotism, of a people? I marvel that it has been so silently submitted to. I don't care to lose the tune, but I hope we shall some way be rid of the words, or that part of them at least. I go for the *language*, as well as "the *flag*, of the free."

Well, never mind the word. It has a meaning, and a good meaning. It is a thing of use, and great use too, especially where one is in the enemy's country. What would become of that general who should not make a reconnoissance one of his frequent duties? How could he advance securely, fight successfully, or even stand still safely, otherwise? He must know the character of the country before and about him,—its roads, its streams, the lay of the land, its capacity to support; he must know the number, the position, the disposition, of his antagonist; he must be wary and quick to understand his movements and his resources before the inevitable advance and attack are made. I take it that an army may fight ever so well, but if nothing is known of the character of the foe in front, or the character of the ground to be fought over, the chances are that it cannot fight successfully. There must ever be some other element of success in a battle beside courage.

Now let us apply this morally. I do not quite like to say, what I suppose some would say readily, that the soul of man is in an enemy's country, because I believe we are always and only in God's country,—the country of our best Friend. But I will say that in this country the soul is at war. It is beset with foes. It is held in leaguer. It is in great peril. Its whole life has got to be struggle. It must have the utmost vigilance, the most steadfast courage, the most wary prudence,—any and every quality or virtue which a soldier needs to have or to exercise in presence of an enemy.

These alone, however, will not avail. We need something more than these powers within us. Shut up to themselves, in the attitude, with the will, of attack or defence, they can do little. We are like men cooped up in an isolated fortress on the top of a rock or on an island in the midst of a sea. What we need is, to know something of our surroundings, to find out what there is outside of us, what we are to meet, and how we are to meet it.

How shall this be done? By a *reconnoissance* A man must know something of the world he goes into before he goes into it. He must not trust merely to his imagination, his dream, of it; he must not imagine himself to have a power none has had, and be able to assume and hold a mastery over it. He must know something about it, its lures and pitfalls; not only that he has a strong

and wary enemy, but wherein his strength and power lie. He needs to know something of his foes before it will be any way safe to measure strength with them.

And this a man is apt not to do. He has all sorts of wise things said to him, all sorts of friendly warnings, but he generally guesses he is as wise as anybody, as capable of caring for himself as they are. He repels the overtures of experience, and in all confidence marches out to the combat before him. He does not deny that it has difficulties. He expects resistance. He believes he shall have hard blows, and many of them ; that only through fidelity and fighting he shall win. But he does not doubt that he shall win. In imagination he sees himself, after every struggle, crowned victor ; and there comes his trouble. In the over-confidence of ignorance, into an unknown world, with the best purposes, he goes, only to find that his purposes avail him little ; that his expectations were the veriest impossibilities ; that the rude, sharp, combined assault of temptations whose wiles and powers he did not know are more than a match for him ; that they have not only bruised and beaten and vanquished, but have mortified and discouraged him.

I have seen the criticism made by an officer of high position, that the battle at Williamsburg was a battle fought without a reconnoissance. I should say, upon general principles, that the objection was

valid ; while I am sure that in life to undertake anything of moment without a first survey and study of the ground before would not only be folly, but likely to be fatal. The merchant does not embark in a venture without understanding the market. The manufacturer determines the character of his fabric by the character of the demand. The farmer plants as he knows his soil will yield, or as consumption requires. Every right, successful action in active life is determined by forethought, inquiry, judicious observation, and a calm balancing of all the varieties of information that can be had ; and it is just as much more important that this should take place in our moral and religious life as our moral and religious life is more important than the life of business. As he would be set aside as an unwise man who should plunge into the world of affairs with reckless ignorance and indifference to all facts, as success in his case could only be a happy blunder, so must he be held unwise who shall present himself in the life of duties, temptations, trials, ignorant of, indifferent to them, while no blunder can save him. Rightly to live, surely to pass through this world, wisely to discharge all obligation, to win now peace and one's own self-respect, and hereafter peace with God's approval, can only come through a constant fore-looking and out-looking. No advance without it. A man omits, despises it, at his peril.

Another thing is essential to a reconnoissance.

The Saviour expressed it when he said, "Or what king, going to war against another king, sitteth not down and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand." It is not the ground to be fought over, or the number and disposition of the hostile force only, but your own ability to meet that force, which needs to be known, which forms a vital part of this duty. Without it you cannot make a success.

It was an old saying of heathen philosophy, "Know thyself." It has been repeated in both Testaments. It is a maxim we learned at school. We wrote it in our copy-books. It has been urged upon us by the experiences of life. Like many good things, we pay little heed to it; and a great many of us grow up knowing all about our neighbors, but nothing about ourselves.

Now, if a man is self-ignorant, he may just as well give all up. What can he do? He will be getting into difficulty all the time. He will be just where he ought not to be. He will do just what he ought not to do. When he ought to fight, he will run; and when he ought to run, he will stay and try to fight, and get whipped for his blunder. The way men get into these moral exposures which make such trouble is, that they over-estimate their ability to resist them. They put themselves where there is no need of their being; they court exposures which they might just as well avoid. Temp-

tations do not come to us so much as we go after them. That is the way a man becomes a drunkard, a gambler, or any bad thing. Ignorant of himself, he will reply to your warning, "Just as if there was any danger!" He will not try to avoid, he will seek it. When you hear a man say that, set him down as one who has neglected to reconnoitre, and be sure disaster will visit his presumption. The Apostle said many true things, and uttered many needed warnings, but nothing more true or more needed than when he said, "Let any man that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Is it not the great fact and trouble in the life of many a man, that all the way through he puts himself, through ignorance of himself, in the way of temptations that God never meant for him, that God would save him from, which he is no way prepared to cope with? The bravado with which many go out into life, with which many pass through life, is strikingly in contrast with the true bravery of him who, by calm, careful, thorough survey, is always found at the post of duty, equal to every emergency, and conqueror in every assault. It is the self-confidence of self-ignorant Peter, not the quiet, consistent courage of the wise and humble Master.

Two things let me add about this duty. First, *let it be frequent*. Some men think it does harm to examine ourselves too much, that it makes morbid and discourages. Surely it will not so affect any hearty, earnest, brave man. Why, the essence

of life is to know one's self. What the old heathen philosophy said, and both Testaments repeat, must be true. All life proves it. You can't do anything sure without a thoroughly posted self-knowledge. Not the self of last year or last week is the one you want to know, but the self of to-day. So you must make the inward reconnoitring a frequent thing. Do it every day, so as to be sure that you know just where you are, just what your strength, just what your weakness, so that you can detect any growing folly, strengthen any struggling or threatened virtue. The good general "feels" the country he is in often. To-day's report is not necessarily true of to-morrow. He is on the alert to corroborate or to correct by fresh experience his former decision. He will not attack by last week's report, nor will he trust to the defence based upon past information. He knows that a foe is active, wary, fruitful in expedient, and that he is always in new danger. It must be so with you. Of what use for you to know yourself thoroughly to-day, all about your dangers and exposures, to settle your defence, post your guards, strengthen your weak points, if you are going to leave them to themselves, and take it for granted that the work is done once for all, and that you are henceforth safe? Is not our enemy always busy? Are not our moral moods, habits, cravings, temptations, always changing? Are we not in danger to-day from one thing, next week from another, and does

not every change of condition, employment, companionship, change the character of our exposure? We can only be safe by constant inquiry into our moral and religious condition, by a daily *feeling* of these enemies so thick about our soul's way, a daily knowing of our souls themselves, to see what heart there is in them for their never-ending, ever-shifting warfare. It is the reconnoissance insures the safety, secures the victory to the soldier, and self-knowledge it is, under God, which gives safety and victory to the soul.

Then always make your reconnoissance *in force*. Do not half do it. Put your whole manhood into it. Do not be afraid to know just where you are, just what you are, the worst as well as the best. Face your weaknesses, your temptations, your dangers, your sins. Know them, brand them, expel them. Don't wince or shrink or shirk. Don't allow any skulking. Drag out the secret thing. What is the use of asking God to cleanse us from secret sins, if we are going to shut our eyes to them ourselves, or persist in hugging them? Do not, as some, draw back when the search reveals what you do not like to see. Keep your eye open, your heart single and brave. A half-advance is about as bad as a full retreat. It reveals nothing of real value, increases your reluctance to search again, encourages your bad habits and desires; the evil things in you get to feel that, however much parade and bluster you may make, you will never be in earnest,

and will grow more and more exacting and secure ; and you will be tenfold more their slave in the end. When, therefore, you reconnoitre, let it be *in force*, with all your mind, and all your strength, and all your heart.

Plutarch says, in his Life of Cæsar, that “he was, above all men, gifted with the faculty of making the right use of everything in war, most especially of seizing the right moment.” Was not this the true secret of his success, — he was always on the alert, knew all about his foe, all about his own resource, and was ready at the right moment to strike the right blow ? With us the golden moments slip. We all have them given us, but they seem as lead as they pass away, because we are not alert, not watchful, not ready. The moment comes to do. God calls. The opportunity of victory is given. We might be heroes, — more than conquerors. The moment passes, the opportunity, the privilege, and a deeper, more hopeless darkness shuts upon us. God has been faithful. The neglect is with ourselves. We did not know the hour nor ourselves in it.

Would you be to your soul what Cæsar was to Rome, — better, far better, would you partake in the power and victory of Christ, — know thoroughly, by constant inquiry, both the world and your own soul. Such knowledge is wisdom above price.

Army Series.]

[No. 18.

THE REVEILLE.

BY

JOHN F. W. WARE.

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AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1864.

THE REVEILLE.

HERE is another of the words which has not a home look. It is another interloper. I hear soldiers even pronounce it differently. They do not seem quite sure about it. It does not come out square and honest, as a home word would. And we poor civilians make terrible work with it. We don't know what to call it. I was amused, the other day, at a history of the word *canteen*. It was originally *tin can*, and was good Saxon. The French got hold of it, turned it round, gave a French accent to it, and it became *can-teen*. Some wise man, hunting up a foreign word to annex to his mother tongue, found and laid hold of this, without asking any questions; and so the poor exile got back again, but so disguised that his own knew him not.

What do you think about reveille? How do you like it? Not very well, I suspect, especially after a long march, a hard fight, a day in the trenches, or a turn at picket. I do not believe it is any pleasanter for a soldier to be waked than for any

other man ; and one of the things in camp life that has impressed me most is the turning out of the men in the morning. It did not give me a very vivid impression of individual happiness, or of the collective dignity of an army.

But, like many unpleasant things, it is not merely necessary, but wholesome. It breaks rudely in upon needed repose, delicious slumber, and precious dreams, interposing the stern reality between you and that so coveted intercourse with home that comes to one in sleep, or that utter oblivion of care and pain and danger which is so essential to the soldier. It comes unwelcomed, but it comes to rouse you to that for which you live,—to toil, to peril, to duty. It gives you reality for dreams ; it brings you back to life, and the work of life ; and, however unpleasant the act at the moment, however reluctantly you answer the demand, I suppose it to be with you as with every true man,—once fully awake, you would not lie down to sleep again if you could. I do not know anything that a man wide awake more wonders at than the feeling of aversion and dread with which he, a few moments before, shrunk from rising.

There is nothing that has any worth, vigor, life, but, from time to time, needs rewakening. It seems as if continuous activity were impossible. There are seasons when everything lags, sleeps. We have action, great and wonderful, and then re-

action, as great and wonderful, — energy, and then lethargy, — as if the vital powers exhausted themselves, and required a rest, and the renewal that comes only of suspended labor. It is so in nature. The vigor of summer is succeeded by the sleep of winter, and before we can have harvest again there must be the *reveille*, at which she rouses herself and puts on the drapery of new life. It is so in the history of the world's progress, the development of the race, either intellectually, morally, or politically. History is just that, — the record of the swings of the pendulum between labor and repose, — and her grand epochs are the sounding of the *reveille*, which starts men from their torpor, and sends them out reinvigorated to new exertion and greater victory, to the onward march of civilization and of life. Not only Judæa, but the whole world, had been in a terrible stupor, the whole religious life overlaid and lost sight of in base superstition and dead forms and trifling ceremonies, when a clear, short, sharp cry came sounding down the valley of the Jordan, “Repent, repent!” and John, in his wild, desert garb, startled the slumbering people into expectation and preparation for Him the latchet of whose shoes neither he nor we yet are worthy to unloose. It was a world's reveille. — The name and power of Christianity had all been absorbed by the Romish Church. It was the usurper of every human right. It was a despot

such as the world had never seen. It chained, not men's bodies, but their souls. It robbed them of that which was most precious, — right to their own opinions. It walled up the kingdom of Heaven, then opened a little postern gate, and if you would pay the priest, and acknowledge the infallibility of the Church, and recognize the Pope as Christ's vicegerent, you might be admitted. Under this terrible thrall men's consciences, as their hopes, slept. But the monk Luther startled the sleepers. The reveille was sounded, and with no uncertain sound. Men everywhere sprung up at it, alert, delighted, recognizing it as the call to life, for which they long had sighed ; and the power of the Church was broken, and Protestantism born. I remember that after one of those earlier terrible fights at the West — was it at Fort Donelson ? — a writer tells us that when he woke in the morning he could see no signs of an army about him, but, so far as his eye could reach, only long, low mounds covered with snow. Then suddenly the morning drum, the quick roll, the *reveille* ! and every mound of snow sprung into the air ; the snow-wreaths fell away, and revealed the full-armed, ready soldier. Weary with their struggle, they had sunk to slumber as they stood, and the night storm had wrapped them in its mantle. So it has seemed to me that waking cry of Luther startled the sleepers from cold, deathlike slumber, and revealed them to them-

selves and to the world as still men, full-armed and ready.—The history of to-day gives us another illustration. Our fathers, with pain and privation, had founded a grand republic, with a corner-stone called *liberty*. To us that had become little more than a name and a boast. It was an inheritance only, a dower from the past. It was like a family picture, or a silver cup, valuable as a relic, good as an heirloom, but of no use to-day. So we denied our birthright and slept,—slept as no seven sleepers of fable could,—basely as well as deadly. But hark! *The reveille!* It is a solitary gun booming over the waters on a quiet spring morning; and as its missile crashes against the sacred wall that enclosed the sacred band beneath that sacred flag, we, new-born as a nation, roused, sprung to our feet, to arms,—all recreance gone, ready to dare, to do, to die! Along the wild mountain-passes, through the narrow defiles, of troubled Scotland, when the foe pressed, the swift runner bore the lighted torch, some unspent foot snatching it from his weary hand and speeding it on, till answering lights from craggy heights showed the clans awake and marshalling for the fray. So, pulsed over the throb-bing wire, from State to State, from town to town, from home to home, the tocsin sounded, which you received as a summons to your manhood and your loyalty, and have answered with your devotion. Of all the grand awakenings since John's warning

cry, I read none so grand as this. It touched a deadlier torpor; it broke through social, political trammel; it made men hear the word of God; it turned back the foul torrent of corruption; it gave the true meaning and emphasis to the word *liberty*; it enfranchised a race down-trodden, despised, cursed as race never was, which to-day stands shoulder to shoulder with the proudest blood of our proud civilization, and with it lays and cements the stone of the new corner. Build well on that, O noble friends; stand to your ranks, and strike till every shackle and disability fall; and I think there shall rise a statelier edifice than any builded by human hands, at whose shrine *all* oppressed may find asylum, whose dome shall bear as its top glory, brighter than within the tabernacle of old, the Shechinah of the Divine presence.

As we pass from childhood — which is nearer to heaven than many get again — into the life and temptations of youth and manhood, we settle into indifference at least, as regards things pure and holy and of good report. We swing from innocence to indifference. As we get on in life, this indifference hardens into something more positive, — a dislike, a rebellion, if not an unbelief. It is virtually the language of the grown men of the land, as it was of the king's servant in the parable, "We will not have this man to reign over us." The love of God is not in our hearts, nor is his law the law of our lives.

It oftentimes is not a very distinctly marked condition that ensues. We are respectable, trusty men still. There is something that keeps us from being very bad. We have self-respect, and self-interest too. Men find no special fault with us. We do well enough for their purposes. Between this state and that of the hardened sinner there is every possible gradation.

From all this, the least as the greatest, men need to be roused. I think it is better and truer to say they need to rouse themselves. They must not wait for the reveille to come from without, but sound it themselves through all the turns and secret places of their own being,—sound till the whole man is up. The whole tenor of the Gospel is this way. The Apostle cried, “Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise, and Christ shall give thee light,”—the gift after and because of the sleeper’s own act. So with Christ in his miracles;—“Stretch out thy hand,” “Rise, take up thy bed, and walk,” “Go wash in the pool of Siloam,”—the thing desired comes after the action of the sufferer. So with God in his grace. You may think of exceptions, and exceptions to rules are always striking; but the rule is, that man shall toil, pray, have faith first, and then, as consequent, as in some sense a reward, God’s help and blessing. It is not first the harvest and then the spring, first the ripe fruit and then the sowing of the seed, nor is it

first a full Christian experience and character and then the means for reaching it. The children of light should be as wise as children of the world, who know that means must precede ends. There are very many who spend their time waiting for God to act upon them ; who expect to be wrought upon, taken by force out of their sins, and made saints ; who stand and listen for some startling word out of heaven ; and so they wait unclean and unhealed as that man at Bethesda who waited years for somebody to put him into the healing water, instead of putting himself in. I do not believe that God will work a miracle on a soul to save it. It must rouse itself from stupor by the means patent and available to every one. That is the first step toward salvation. It does not need any machinery of church or priest, the passing through any cast-iron, formal experience, but a real, stirring self-rousing.

You cannot do this all at once. You may decide at once, you may begin at once ; there may be a marked change, as a crisis or epoch, to your existence, which you will always date from ; but a true awakening is not like that at the drum-beat or bugle-call, but a thing of time. I think there is the mistake of revivals, and the weak point in individual experiences, which result so much in harm to the Church, and harm to the man. Men are taught to regard conversion as a sudden thing,

to expect it to be like the voice at night which sent the young wonderer to the equally wondering Eli. To use the military phrase, they think it is to be "right about face, *march*." If they have no such experience, they think they are lost, though they may be earnestly striving to please God all the while; if they have, they think it is enough. But the first start of the sleeper is not his complete waking; the first impulse of a startled soul does not secure it in the strength and virtue of the Christian. It is this which makes the after effect of "revivals," "conversions," so bad, which makes so many backsliders. They have not been thoroughly awaked; they have only tossed uneasily in their sleep; when the pressure was off, they have slumbered again, probably more deadly than before, with the chances increased that they do not thoroughly awake till the *great reveille* shall sound.

The great duty, then, is not only to awake thoroughly, but to keep awake. As the hymn says,

"Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And *keep it still awake*."

You may wake ever so thoroughly, but if you are going to drop off again,—if you are to be after that kind described in the parable of the sower, who have no root, who become offended, choked by cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches,—you might as well not wake at all. What good

the drum-beat, if, after your morning parade, you are going to sleep again, instead of passing the day in active, vigilant duty? It is the *keeping awake* which is to make you serviceable as a soldier; it is the *keeping awake* which is going to make you serviceable as a Christian. If you will do that, rouse yourself at the call made, and pray God ever for strength to keep awake,—if you will be alive to duty, vigilant against evil, doing always everything you possibly can to make yourself a better man, preparing by fidelity in the lower service of this life for a loftier service in the life beyond,—you will accomplish the great purpose of your warfare here, and can depart with that honest self-approval which the Apostle had,—“I have fought the fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.”

“Arise! it is the Master’s will:
No more his heavenly voice despise;
Why linger with the dying still?
He calls: arouse you, and arise!
No longer slight the Saviour’s call:
It sounds to you, to me, to all.
Arise!”

Army Series.]

[No. 19.

RALLY UPON THE RESERVE!

BY

JOHN F. W. WARE.

BOSTON:

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

1864.

RALLY UPON THE RESERVE!

SKIRMISHERS ! the enemy presses you. He is stronger and more alert than was supposed. He is in force, on your front and flank. You are exposed every way. The danger is imminent. The conflict is against you. You cannot stand. Hark ! The bugle ! What does it say ? Retreat ? No. "*Rally upon the reserve !*"

We are deployed as skirmishers in the great life-battle. We do not go into the conflict in battalions or by divisions. We do not stand shoulder to shoulder. We cannot touch our comrade by the elbow. We go against the great allied powers of evil singly. It is our single arm against the combined foe. The man next us, — the nearest, dearest friend we have, cannot help us. He has his own work. He has his post. He is under orders to hold it, as you are to hold yours. He cannot think of you. He cannot help you. His duty lies in front. You are alone. He is alone. Every man is alone. Not in solid column, not as a huge force, a combined humanity, may we hurl ourselves against the old, hoary pow-

ers of sin, but as we can singly. We are as skirmishers in this great strife.

The enemy presses. We have struggled long, some of us well, some but indifferently. The day is far spent. We are worn with its heat and its toil. We have stood our ground as well as we could. But the enemy gains, and we begin to falter. The fight is fearful in front, and there are symptoms that the flank is turned. There have been dropping shots upon the right and the left, and a fresh pressure in front. What shall we do? Retreat? That were ignominious, that were to lose all, that were to surrender the cause as well as ourselves, that were recreance to duty and to God. Shall we fight on? To what good against such odds? Hark! A bugle-call! What does it say?—“*Rally upon the reserve!*”

Yes! rally upon the reserve! That is it. Vain to run, vain to fall back, vainer still to contend single-handed. “*Rally upon the reserve!*” We are saved!

What is this reserve to which the imperilled soul may fly, and find so sure a succor? Do you not know? Can it be other than GOD?

One strange mistake men make,—and they have persistently made it from the beginning,—is in the attempt to do God’s work without God. This life-duty of ours is not a something that man sets himself about; neither do human governments, or laws, or society. Our work is of God,—your work, my

work, every man's work. We never in any way get divorced from that. He sends us into the world ; He marks out our duty ; to Him we are to report. And what a blessed thing it is for man that he has a God to fall back upon. It is that,— God with man, which has made every great success since the world began. Cæsar did not make a great success, nor Alexander, nor Bonaparte. They fought without God ; they fought against God. Worldly men and thoughtless reckon them the great men. They call them conquerors. They say their names are immortal. Can you show me to-day anything either of them did ? Where are the empires they founded at such cost of treasure and tears ? What good thing, dying, have they bequeathed mankind ? The humblest man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is rightly called a benefactor. Were they benefactors ? Bonaparte himself could say, that in a half-century a half-page of general history would be all that would be given to him, while the name of Jesus would continue to grow greater and brighter. And yet what were Christ's victories, and which, dying, seemed most likely to leave a name and a power behind ? Napoleon lived for himself. He neglected for his own eternal good what he never would have neglected in a battle. He had no reserve. God was not with him. Jesus lived for God. God overruled all adverse things in his life. He could always, did always, fall back

on Him. God was the never-forgotten power behind. So his defeats became victories. Angels crowned him Lord of all.

Every real work, everything which has survived the shock of centuries, everything which has benefited man has been because the worker recognized the need and sought the help of God. He had always God as a reserve, in every doubt and duty and trouble. And God aided him to do better and wiser than he knew. How striking this truth is in the Scripture. Moses did not lead out the children of Israel from their bondage, and shape his wise laws in their behalf and rule them in their barbarous and rebellious wanderings of himself alone. You see him going to and fro between the mountain and the people. He shapes the law and moulds the multitude as God wills. "Thus saith the Lord," is invariably the authority for his act. In every perplexity and peril he looks to Jehovah. David, though he did many sinful things, always came back in lowliest penitence to his allegiance, and leaned on God, his rod, his staff, his shield. Paul's bonds, scourgings, imprisonments, persecutions, were made light through the strength that he derived from God, while his whole life long Jesus never attempted anything without seeking the blessing, without acknowledging the aid, of his Father. See him at the Temptation, when the Devil presses him with every cunning wile; see him when the powers of hate and dark-

ness have compassed him, and, betrayed by a disciple, denied by a friend, deserted by all, he stands at the tribunal to receive the fatal decree. Does he stand alone, or is there some great reserve of power behind by which he is sustained, through which he conquers? In him, in each and all, you see, not men self-dependent, self-sufficient, but conscious of, and using, that reserve which God in his infinite love and mercy vouchsafes to all. He is ever ready to help those who seek help of him, to be that all-sustaining, all-conquering power by which a human soul is made more than master of the wiles that beset him.

Just as much must you and I in the work we have to do in life lean upon God. That work is not to be done without God. He places us here. He marks out our duty. To him we must report. It will not do to leave him out of the account, to go on living just as if there were no God and no account to give. Many men do that. What do they make of life? Good merchants, farmers, soldiers, successful enough as men count success. But these do not make *life*. They are only certain occupations of life, a use of certain powers or faculties. *Life* is what the soul is, the part of man that cannot die, the part that is called up and questioned by and by. Men who are without God do not *live*. They miss all the higher quality and power of life. They miss all of that *more abundant life* which Jesus

said he had come to bring. God is the centre and source of all life,— of the soul as of the tree, the ocean as the star. In him we live and move and have our being.

“ Man’s business is to seek
His strength in God alone,—
And e’en an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.”

I dare say some of you may have been trying the experiment of living without God. You have not seen what he had to do with your life. You have got along, you think, very well without him. But has it been so very well, after all? Are you not, in your serious moments, in your troubles, when great questions rise, when conflicting duties harass, when temptations press, when parting and pain and grief come, conscious of weakness? Do you not wish you had some ready, near, sufficient power to rely on,— some reserve that, when your own ability is exhausted, you can confidently go to?

Every man wishes that. At times every man feels out toward help, gropes after a staff of support, a something that shall encourage or hold him up, and be to him what he is conscious he cannot be to himself. In camp you know something of this. There are allurements, temptations, about you strangely powerful. There are dangers constantly threatening you, some of them wholly new, unlike those you were exposed to at home, while the old

ones get a new power from your changed conditions. There is, beside, the longing for home, and anxiety about those you love. You cannot bear these alone. God has not made you so that you could. The temptations will overcome your integrity, dangers fill you with apprehension, the thoughts of home eat the manly courage out of your hearts. Your comrades can do nothing for you. It is little use to go to the chaplain. He may give you a little relief, a moment's comfort; but he does not and cannot help you to bear, to overcome. Nothing of man can: and there is our terrible mistake! Our reserve—the power greater than ourselves—is not in these things in which we are so apt to seek it. The man who gets drunk thinks he can take the pledge. That is his reserve. He falls back on that and feels himself secure. His friends take courage. The gambler, the liar, the licentious man, fortify themselves in like manner. All men trying to reform themselves seek help from some person, circumstance, change, the thing outside themselves, the crutch, the staff that supports, not the vital power that heals. It will not do. No man is safe so. It is still the power of man, or something less than man, on which he leans. The power of God is the only sure reserve. With that behind him every man is safe.

"Man is naught, is less than naught;
Thou, our God, art all in all."

The same thing man in every relation and condition, however exalted, however humble, always needs. We only do not see the need in our common daily duties because we have become so well satisfied with leaving the God-power out of our daily lives. They might be so grand, and we let them be so low! Jesus Christ lived to show what life is, and no man *lives* except as he has that which was in Him who said, "I can of mine own self do nothing," and who showed, under every duty and in every trial, that he was not trying to stand alone, but looking back toward, leaning upon, a Divine strength.

Do not you do anything less. God is to be found of any who will honestly seek him, and to be known by any who honestly try to love him. He is not a great power away off, too much occupied in great things to care for little ones, but he counts every hair, sees every sparrow that falls, and is most at home in the heart of the most childlike believer. He is our first, best, constant friend. He is the *reserve* on which every human soul in its want and peril may fall back and be secure. Men may go on for a long time in seeming prosperity and become confident and self-exultant, like skirmishers, elated at their little gain, pushing forward into the very arms of the waiting, wary foe. That will be the moment of disaster unless the wise commander have near and ready a reserve, in time to check the onslaught and roll back the assault. So, the time comes to every man — it comes again and again to most —

when trials, dangers, temptations, crowd upon and would crush him. They are apt to find him self-confident, presuming upon the past power or gain,—without a reserve. It is the *presumption* that conquers the man rather than the temptation or the trial. But let these come to one who has a reserve of faith in God, who has not, at the emergency, to feel about, if haply he may find Him; let them come to one who has a consciousness of His nearness, and His willing support. Pressed, weary, faltering, he will quit every lesser support, the reeds that bend and break; he will rally upon his reserve,—GOD,—and be safe.

You know that in no one thing does a general more surely show his skill than in the selection, the position, the handling of his reserve. It must be sufficient, it must be well disciplined, it must be near, it must be easily moved. At any moment it may be needed for the sternest duty. The fate of the day, of a cause, of a people, may hinge upon it. Many a defeat has been disgraceful because the reserve was too far away, was not ordered up at the right moment, or proved not the stuff for the crisis hour; many a struggle, that long hung trembling in the balance, has been turned to decisive victory by the fresh squadrons marching to the front, relieving the shattered and weary columns. You remember how Waterloo was won. And every conflict of yours may be a Waterloo,—a decisive victory, if God is near.

In the great life-battle we all must wage, it becomes us never to overlook the fact of probable disaster, however brave and self-assured we may be, if we have not a near, sufficient reserve in God. Make him as your "next of kin," — the Friend before all friends, to whom you not only *may* go, but *do* go for light and strength and guidance always. Then in the crisis hours, — the moments when the powers of ill all seem mustered, the moments which decide the weal or woe of years, the good or the bad of all time, the joy or misery of Eternity, — you will have no fear, no anxious searching, no painful waiting or doubt, but God with you and in you, the power beyond all powers, the reserve to insure you victory.

" My God with me in every place!
 Firmly does the promise stand,
 On land or sea, with present grace
 Still to aid us near at hand.
 If you ask, ' Who is with thee? '
 God is here, — my God with me!

" My God for me! I dare to say, —
 God the portion of my soul!
 Nor need I tremble in dismay
 When around me troubles roll.
 If you ask, ' What comforts thee? '
 It is this, — God is for me.

" In life, in death, with God so near,
 Every battle I shall win,
 Shall boldly press through danger here,
 Triumph over every sin!
 ' What! ' you say, ' a victor be? '
 No, not I, but God in me! "

Army Series.]

[No. 20.

MUSTERED OUT!

A FEW WORDS WITH THE RANK AND FILE,
AT PARTING.

BY

JOHN F. W. WARE.

BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1865.

MUSTERED OUT!

WELL, friends, the war is over, ended as every loyal man knew it would end. The good cause has triumphed. There is no more any rebellion. Secession is dead. It has no resurrection. Through your patient fidelity it is that peace returns, and though our maidens come not with songs and dances out to welcome you as warriors, though we may not manifest that exuberance of joy you may have hoped to witness and we had hoped to feel,—for the shadow of a great woe is upon us,—our hearts go out to you with deep, unspoken gratitude. You have saved the Republic. You have restored its integrity. You have effaced the one spot upon its fair name. Your toil, your blood, the blood of the brave who have fallen, are the seeds of the new civilization. The night is passed. The day dawns.

The war is over, and you are *mustered out!* Ah! how you have longed for the time,—in weary march, in comfortless bivouac, in pitiless storm and cold, on exposed picket, on the bed of the hospital! Through the years, it has been the day-dream and

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the night-dream. Hope has drooped as it delayed, the whole heart grown faint, and it has taken all the loyalty and all the manhood sometimes to carry you on bravely. Now the end is come; the war is over. You are *mustered out!* How the tidings have made glad the dear old far-away home,— the home you left so sadly, the home that has been so true to you, the home that has been your memory and your hope, your guiding and your guardian angel! How the good wife has grown young again under its charm! how wild with impatience are the children become! how eloquent is the dear face of the mother with its alternate smile and tear! how pride swells up in the heart of the father,— pride that he speaks not, but keeps there! how brothers and sisters long to clasp you once more! O the wealth of love and joy that throbs for and waits you in those homes whose long and patient and wasting agonies only the good God has witnessed, whose silent martyrdom, without monument or record, he has accepted and blessed. *Joy, joy* in the farmhouse! *joy, joy* by the hillside! *joy, joy* in the city! *joy, joy* east and west, through the whole land! The terror is over. The war is at end. Sweet peace is come, and the loved ones are coming,— *mustered out!*

THANK GOD! Thank God, too, that you have lived until now; thank God that you have had part in this great work of regeneration. Comrades have

fallen. The green sod covers some of the noblest and best. There are homes not to be made glad as yours, which shall watch and wait and listen in vain,—homes sad and dark and dreary, to whom the peace-anthem is as a funeral dirge. Their loved ones come not back again. They have been "*mustered out!*"

In the years that are gone I have ventured to tell you a few things that I thought might help you in camp and in hospital. I feel it a shame to my manhood that I have not been bodily with you, while I thank God that some words of mine have found their way out to you in proof that I have been with you in spirit. There are a few things I want to say to you now, for I want you to make the going home a thing of as much joy as those waiting for you expect it to be. The mere excitement and sensation of return will quickly be over. That kind of gladness is fleeting. The novelty with them and with you will pass. Life cannot wait, and treat you as guests. You go back to live, to fill old places of duty, to take up old responsibilities, to become again husbands and parents, neighbors and citizens, and every one expects more of you in every sphere because of the discipline and experience of your service. We are all looking for a new order of manhood to spring out of the war. We expect to find you ennobled, and we trust that the joy of return and of meeting is to be increased and made

perfect and perennial by the fidelity with which you shall take hold of duties, new and old.

Now it is not going to be easy to set yourselves down in the old places, to the old tasks. Soldier life has been a life of excitement, of change and uncertainty. It is a very unnatural life, and in order to become used to and bend yourself to it, you have had to give up some things that belong to a man. *The soldier is made at the expense of the man.* You must now resume your manhood, get yourselves back to the old attitude, and learn to accept and to work under the old, and somewhat tame, conditions. I suspect it is a terrible time of trial for the soldier when he has got through seeing his friends and telling his story, and he ceases to be the one centre of interest, and wakes to the sense that he is only the ordinary man he used to be, with the ordinary demands of life upon him. It is something of a shock, followed by a weary disinclination to take hold of anything, a morbid, restless desire for the wild, exciting life he has left. That is a crisis to test and try your manhood. Once pass that, and the rest is comparatively easy ; yield to it, and it is the first step in the breaking up of all persistent and useful habit and labor. Let me beg you, as you value your own happiness and that of those who love you, to resist with your utmost power this temptation. Do not give it any time to grow upon you. It will require a little real courage and patience. *Go to*

work at once, and by work keep at bay the busy devil, who may still annoy, but cannot conquer you. Take rest so long as you really need it, and it is healthy. Beyond that, rest not a moment at your peril !

I think it is going to be somewhat difficult for you to resume charge of yourselves. It is a strange and complete change that the routine of the army works. No one, who has not witnessed it, will believe how quickly a man, brought under command and compelled to do as other men tell him, loses the desire and the faculty to do for himself, and submits to the decision of the merest stripling, provided he be a military superior. It is strange what power there comes to reside in a shoulder-strap. Why, men who have been leaders in church, and society, and polities, at home, in the army have lost, through habit, the ability or the will to care for themselves in very simple things. It is really sad to see how army discipline has had the power of crushing out the individual. And yet this is, to an extent, a necessity. The individual must be sunk, must be held back, or there is no army. At first, our army was little better than a debating-club. Every man wanted to talk, to give opinion ; no one wanted to obey, and so, disaster. At last, it became a thorough-working machine,— a compact unit under one mind, and then, *victory*. Implicit obedience is the one law, and men held under command, knowing

that the command must be obeyed, living and moving, day by day, upon other men's decisions, lose, not only the habit, but, it would seem, the power, of acting for themselves. Surgeons have told me that they had to watch their men just like children; officers have spoken in surprise at the matters brought to them, such as no one, at home, would think of asking advice about. Again and again have I encountered this helplessness, in ways sometimes ludicrous: as when, in a strange city, at midnight, a perfectly sober soldier begged for my escort lest he should be robbed of his pay, which he showed me. You, probably, are conscious of this in yourselves,—or have, at least, seen it in others.

Not a few fear that peace is to let loose upon the land a horde of men in whom this habit of implicit obedience has destroyed self-respect,—who have become so enervated by years of unquestioning obedience as to be unable to resume care over themselves. This is a very lamentable prospect, and deplorable indeed would it be if they who have broken the bonds for others were, by that act, to be themselves enslaved. I will not, I cannot, believe it. What you want, is to be conscious of, and set yourselves to recover from, the false position in which war has placed you. As citizens, you must resume the habit of self-mastery which, as soldiers, you have laid aside. It was your privilege, your pride, before the war, to think, to act, for yourselves,

to call no man master, to believe in your own supremacy. Even a little too self-willed, self-confident, you were. That was your characteristic as Americans, and, though it has its drawbacks, that has made America; and I am not going to believe that you who went out great, strong, self-reliant, self-respecting men, are going to come back to us all broken down in integrity, puny, and weak, and helpless. I do not share the fear, but I put you on your guard. If your service have taken anything of your self-reliance or self-respect, see to it at once. No man can do anything if his self-respect be gone, or even impaired. No man has any reliance if he cannot rely on himself.

I am one of those who have always felt that the mere fighting is the least of the dangers into which secession has plunged us. That has required a certain class of courage, called out and established one phase of national manhood. Peace has always its dangers and trials, and this peace has many, both new and grave. Our country enters a new career. For the first time she is really a *nation*, a power in and to herself, as well as a power recognized among the peoples of the earth. The root of death that was in her, whose fibres penetrated and pervaded every part of her system, is cut up, plucked out, cast away. It is a new history she is to make. To-day opens the grandest chapter in the annals of peace, — the record *not of the profession, but the fact of liberty.*

"Sounding and glittering generality" no more, it has been graved by the point of the bayonet so as the ages cannot destroy it, that the assertion that "all men are born with certain inalienable rights" is a truth indisputable and immortal. *Glory be to God!* But the truth must not be left alone, it must not be blazoned upon banners and monuments, and, backward-looking, time must not tell of it as of a thing once established. To be the immortal thing it is, you, and we all, must watch it, forward it, live it,—not *make free* others, but *be free* ourselves; and there is a great and grand and imperative work, in the days of reconstruction, to be done in this direction. The mere truth will not make free, but we must work out freedom by the truth. I feel that there are sore hours of travail before the Republic yet, but I look with hope still to you, and whatever selfishness of party and trick of politicians may endeavor, in your hands should be the great conservative power to uphold and protect that for which you have so suffered.

"Mustered out of the service" is not mustered out of duty. Duty is life's demand and life's toil. Nobly have you stood up to the duty of the hour. Never had country juster cause to be proud of her sons,—never had sons more cause to exult in their country. Out from the darkness has she issued into a marvellous light,—out from her shame is she come into abounding glory. *Under God* you are

her saviours. Safely through these perils, HE, *by you*, has brought her. But your work is not yet done. Mustered out of her service you are, not yet mustered out of His! The great, broad demand of God, which is *Duty*, is still upon you. Every man is wanted. All things are to be made new. The era of reconstruction is come,—reconstruction, that beginning in the man shall spread till it reach and leaven the law and the life of the nation. It is a new day, and you must go back to the old home not so much to resume the old life as to assume a new one,—deeper, broader, higher, nobler, truer, freer,—a life of firmer root and grander aspiration, to be checked by no timidity or compromise, or half attainment, but to press on till soul and nation, rid of every thrall, stand out in the power and glory, and honor and immortality, God gives His perfect things.

I hope to see the government— or better, the people— up to the mark of its duty toward all of you who have so suffered as to be cut off from the ordinary, active pursuits of life. I wish Congress would sanction the wearing of the old corps badges by all, so that we may recognize you that are whole, as well as you that are maimed, when we meet you. As to the wounded, the crippled, the sick, I do not want it to be recorded of this generation that its heroes, having given their best to it, were rewarded with the alms-house, or were left to

beg or compelled to steal. I want the nation to be just. I do not ask it to be grateful or generous. The demand is one of simple justice. Every one who has been honest and brave and temperate and long-suffering,—who can show in his body the mark and badge of his service, who cannot care for himself,—I want to see made comfortable at the nation's charge, not supported as a burden and an idler, but in some way that shall keep up the tone of his manhood, give him adequate occupation and foster his self-respect. It is a project worthy the immediate and the broadest thought of the wise. I trust that the right thing in the right way will be planned and done at once,—something grander than England or France has conceived, something worthy of ourselves, of the cause and of you, which shall elevate the recipients while it ennobles the donors,—*some grand, all-embracing, national institution*, branching from a centre out into every State, *dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the martyr.* I want to see no unmeaning stone raised to him, no bronze or marble, no over-endowing of his family,—but a monument that shall pass to the generations, a witness of the nation's justice to you, a nation's respect to him.

The seed of liberty God gave the fathers they planted and watered, and the water wherewith they watered it was blood. It had wilted in a dry and arid soil. It needed water,—and again the water is

blood,— blood so costly, so dear, so abundant, that we have shrunk again and again, and cried “ How long, O God, how long ! ” The fair young boy, the grave, gray-haired man, the humble private, the trusted leader, they are gone, and, as crowning our holocaust,— alas that it must be ! — our great-hearted, loyal, loving President. What a baptism that we knew not of must this our cause be baptized with ! How goodly and how grand the noble martyr host who in this great conflict have been *mustered out*.

Friends, farewell ! Life is yours. Let life be duty,— then, when *mustered out* of the service here, like those who have honorably fallen in the struggle, you shall be *mustered in* at the calling of the new roll in the new kingdom !

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